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[A Literary Supplement, devoted to new books, is issued with this number ; and another will appear next week.]

NOTES.

ON the 17th inst. war was formally declared by Turkey against Greece. King George, we see, has taken it upon himself to justify our contention that the Greeks up to that time had been bluffing, and had not intended to provoke hostilities. The Greeks were "temporizing," he says, and our "patience had won the sympathy of public opinion the whole world over" . . . when "we were attacked without any motive, or, to speak more correctly, orders were given to attack us." This account seems to be in the main correct. More than one capable correspondent has asserted that the Sultan received the hint to take advantage of the Greek aggressions and to declare war from the German Emperor. One may not have over-much sympathy with the Greeks, who have been "asking for a licking," to use the schoolboy phrase, ever since they sent Colonel Vassos to Crete ; but the thought of William advising Abdul Hamid to use his superior strength fills one with loathing.

There can be no doubt now that the Turkish army has been splendidly organized for war by Goetz Pasha and the other German officers lent to the Sultan for that purpose. We were ridiculed in various journals for saying a fortnight ago that there were 150,000 Turkish troops on the frontier or within striking distance of it, and now the "Times" Correspondent, writing from Ellassona on the 14th inst., declares that "the nine divisions echeloned from Katrina to Arta average 15,000 combatants apiece," to say nothing of "the reserves at Salonika and Monastir." The full war strength of the Greek army, including officers and non-combatants, is only 66,250 men and 180 guns, and more than half the guns and more than a third of the men have no existence save on paper. Small wonder, then, that in the first three days' fighting the Greeks have lost the Malouna Pass and been pushed back upon Larissa and Trikhala. Edhem Pasha has been using 50,000 men and 180 guns along the wedge-shaped part of the frontier alone, and the Greek forces are now entrenching themselves round Larissa. They may make here another Plevna ; but will they stand starvation as Osman's heroes did ? Both Greeks and Turks, we are told, have fought magnificently ; but the Greeks have been outnumbered, and the Turkish artillery, which M. Delyannis thought fit to sneer at, has done terrible execution.

It still seems probable that the Great Powers will be able to confine the war to the two combatants already engaged. But Bulgaria is beginning to stir, and if she

mobilizes her forces—as her Envoy in Constantinople threatened she would unless all her demands were at once accorded—the fat would be in the fire. The Sultan, we are told, yielded at once to M. Markoff's insistence ; but we hope more from the fact that the Russian Ambassador took occasion a little later to tell the bellicose Bulgarian Agent that Russia would not support the Bulgarian demand, and that if the Bulgarian army were mobilized the consequences would have to be borne by the Principality alone. This may keep Prince Ferdinand quiet, and if Austria addresses a similar reproof to King Milan, who has been vapouring in Paris, the conflagration may not spread ; but the material is highly inflammable, and a spark may bring about a European war. Still we believe and hope that this calamity may be averted.

It has passed into an axiom that no one should attempt to condemn a whole nation ; but Mr. Gladstone thinks nothing of condemning six nations and their Governments all in a heap. Telegraphing to Sir W. Phillimore, Q.C., he says, "The war in Thessaly is the work entirely of the six Powers. They have sacrificed honour, decency and humanity," and so forth. One sees more and more clearly that Mr. Gladstone was destined by nature for the Church ; he would have made an astonishing Archbishop, and his post-cards and letters, addresses and pamphlets, inspired by Christian sympathy with the oppressed, would then have been entirely admirable.

On Thursday afternoon a political fanatic, who has since declared that he was half-starved, attempted to assassinate the King of Italy. King Humbert, it seems, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, was driving to the racecourse when a man dressed in workman's clothes rushed at the royal carriage, and, brandishing a dagger, struck at the King. The King avoided the blow by rising, and immediately the would-be assassin was arrested by a police inspector. He proved to be an ironworker out of employment, named Pietro Acciarito, and is only twenty-four years old. As he had no accomplices, the crime seems to be without especial importance, but it served to prove the personal popularity of the King. As soon as the news got about, the Royal Stand was surrounded by a cheering multitude, and when the King returned to Rome an immense crowd gave him an enthusiastic reception. King Humbert certainly appears to deserve the affection of his people, for he treated the incident as of no importance, remarking wittily, "It is only one of the perquisites of my trade."

Mr. Rhodes has had a great reception in Cape Town, and he made a characteristic and powerful speech to

his admirers. He told them that he had come back to work for "the betterment of the country," and this was only to be achieved by the party of progress, by that party which advocated "equal rights for every white man, free intercourse and trade between every part of South Africa, and competition among the whites on the basis that the best man may come to the front, no matter of what race." It is a taking programme; but will he be able to carry it out? Evidently he intends to try—and without Mr. Hofmeyr's help; for he ended his speech by hoping that "my enemies will come out and fight me in the open and not behind bushes," which was clearly a hit at Mr. Hofmeyr and the Afrikaner Bond. We would rather he conciliated Mr. Hofmeyr, and worked with him as of old.

It will not be denied that Mr. Walter Long has defended his unpopular muzzling order with very considerable ability and address. Speaking to his constituents at Liverpool, on Thursday, he declared that one of the first facts brought to his notice when he took office was the increase of rabies. And then he used statistics to justify his recent action. "In 1889 Mr. Chaplin imposed a muzzling order; in that year there were 312 cases of rabies in the country, but these fell to 129 in 1890, and to 38 in 1892. In 1892 the regulations were removed, and in the following year the cases of rabies rose to 93. In 1894 they had increased to 248, while the number further grew in 1895 to 672. In London alone the figures in 1889 were 123 cases; in 1890, 32; in 1891, 13; and in 1892 they had fallen to 3. Then the muzzle regulations were taken off. In the following year the figure 3 had risen to 8, in 1894 to 12, and in 1895—the year he took office—there were 46 cases." The argument seems terribly conclusive. And Mr. Long proceeded to show that as rabies increased, so with awful precision hydrophobia in human beings increased. "In 1889, when there were 312 cases of rabies in the country, there were 30 deaths registered from hydrophobia. In the next year, when there were 129 cases, the deaths fell to 8. In the next year the cases fell to 79, and the deaths to 7. And so they went on until 1893, when the deaths fell to only 4, as compared with 93 cases in 1895, when 20 deaths were registered from hydrophobia." In face of these figures we are forced to admit that Mr. Long has amply justified his obnoxious order.

The Unionists of the Crewe Division of Cheshire will shortly have an opportunity of repeating the victory of 1895, when a Radical majority of 1,560 was suddenly converted into a Unionist majority of more than 500. From what can be gathered of the circumstances which have induced the Hon. R. A. Ward to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, we feel bound to say that they seem, to us at least, to be altogether inadequate. But we need not dwell upon that. The seat must be fought for if it is to be retained for the Unionists. It cannot be regarded as anything like safe. The constituency is essentially of the working-class order, and though Nantwich and Sandbach are included in the Division, Crewe with its 7,000 railway workers is the key of the situation. At the last election it was Crewe that turned out Mr. Walter McLaren. To-day Crewe would stand by a strong local Unionist with genuine Labour sympathies and no fads.

In the present plight of British agriculture one is fain to give some sort of welcome to any proposal for betterment; but the scheme now being aired by the English Fibre Industries (Limited) needs to be cautiously considered. The gentlemen concerned with this Company point with force to the fact that we import annually £18,000,000 worth of flax and hemp fibre, and they ask, Why cannot we grow it at home? The question apparently is being answered in some measure by a number of East-Anglian farmers who have lately taken to sowing flax. We do not wish to discourage any form of agricultural enterprise, but we would urge caution in this matter of flax cultivation. Some English landowners refuse their tenants permission to sow flax, and in the prairie States of America it is usual for land companies to prohibit their tenants from planting flax save in long rotation. If the rich

virgin soil of the prairie is deemed by practical men to be unable to stand the exhaustive strain of flax crops, except at rare intervals, it is still less likely that British soil can do so. The land, owing to fifteen years of agricultural depression, is rapidly deteriorating in most arable districts; our farmers must be careful not to intensify the deterioration.

When is the Cobden Club going to take up the challenge Mr. A. W. Smith threw down in this paper three weeks ago? It looks as though once more the white feather is to be hoisted. The Club ran away from Lord Masham; it ran away from Mr. Williamson; it is apparently running away from Mr. Smith. Yet there is a variety about these challenges which should charm it from its retirement. Lord Masham took it on a question of history, Mr. Williamson on an ordinary fact of business, Mr. Smith on a point of political economy, with a prize of £250 for the successful demonstrator thrown in. All to no effect. The Cobdenite priesthood, learned in the history of trade, keen advisers of the man of business, profound exponents of economic science, have not a word to say when brought to fighting point.

Judging from Mr. Henniker Heaton's letter in the "Times" of Tuesday, the Postmaster-General is on the eve of delivering a final "yes" or "no" in regard to Imperial Penny Postage. More than eighteen months ago the overwhelming arguments in favour of the idea were set forth in these columns. So easy was it to meet every single objection raised that it seemed impossible there could be much more delay in the adoption of the scheme. Will the Duke of Norfolk now show himself equal to the effort necessary to save the project from strangulation by red tape? The Duke cannot complain that he has been unduly worried by the advocates of Post Office reform during his term of office. Mr. Heaton's long silence has been wholly out of keeping with the persistent demands he made on previous Postmasters-General. He now complains of "the most amazing ignorance" which is exhibited on the subject. Why, then, did he cease in the good work of educating the people to facts? The best way to burst the bonds of red tape is to create a strong public opinion, and if the Duke of Norfolk should conclude that, among the boons of Jubilee year, Imperial Penny Postage shall not be numbered, it will be because there is no general demand for the change.

China has, it seems, definitely decided to organize a new navy, and orders for four armoured cruisers, two fast cruisers, and several torpedo-destroyers will shortly be placed, either in England or on the Continent. Shipbuilders will, therefore, be pleased at the prospect of additional work. But may we take the liberty of suggesting to Li-Hung Chang and Prince Yung, if they are the gentlemen responsible for this movement, that warships without efficient officers and men are not of account in war? If China looks upon a navy as indispensable, we should be loth to discourage her. But if she must have the navy the personnel must be stronger than that which was opposed to the Japanese during the last war. Moreover, to be of any particular value, the navy should be strong, which means that the first set of orders must be followed up by others, and the maintenance of a large fleet at a level of excellence that will enable it to meet all comers in the China Seas will prove to be a costly luxury. As it is, China is poor and is piling up a relatively heavy debt. We confess that to us the step does not, taking all the circumstances into account, commend itself as a wise one. The country cannot at present afford to purchase a navy. It would do better if it paid some attention to the development of its undoubtedly vast internal resources.

We have referred before to these internal resources of the Celestial Empire, and it may be worth while to specify in brief exactly what they are. The country possesses mineral deposits of enormous extent. We do not pretend to know much—nobody does—about its hidden wealth of gold and silver: perhaps Mr. Pritchard Morgan, who is now conferring with Li-Hung Chang about their development, will be in a position to enlighten us when he returns home. But in iron ore

China is immensely rich, and as for its coal beds, they are extensive enough, if properly worked, to revolutionize the commerce of the world. Their extent is estimated at a round 400,000 square miles, the output of which might suffice to meet the world's needs for a couple of thousand years to come. Shansi has mines of anthracite of quality equal to the best Pennsylvania and virtually inexhaustible. Hunan also has an extensive bed of the same kind of fuel, and scattered up and down are many more. A few railways (about which the authorities appear to be still thinking) would enable the productions of the more important of these districts to reach the markets along the seaboard. As it is, the coal of a given district is for the most part consumed in the neighbourhood of that district. A little reaches Hankow from Hunan, and a little reaches Peking from Shansi, but that is all. The true policy of China is for the present to provide for the development of all this hidden wealth, which may well convert it from a very poor into a very rich country.

Mr. John Burns may not be always well advised in the grievances he airs; but his recent question in the House of Commons as to the hour at which the Kew Gardens are opened is one of considerable public importance. Noon is late in the day for admitting the public to a public institution, and to ask for explanation was not unreasonable. Mr. Chamberlain's answer was quite satisfactory. Kew Gardens are much more than a show place; they are the greatest laboratory of botanical experiment in the world. New plants constantly are being received from all parts of the world, and endless experiments in hybridization and acclimatization are made by the Director and his assistants. We quite agree that the morning hours should be reserved for their scientific work. But is it not possible that the Gardens might be thrown open earlier on Sundays? Long before noon on that day crowds are waiting at the gates, and we have no reason to think that much Sabbath-breaking scientific work is done. Mr. Burns should return to the attack, limiting his request to Sundays. We should advise him, however, to begin by conciliating the Director of the Gardens. Mr. Thistleton Dyer is a beneficent autocrat; but every botanist knows that few people in England have their plans less frequently disturbed.

The pulverization of Sebastian Cabot's claim to have been the discoverer of North America proceeds apace. A year or more ago Mr. Henry Harrisse, by an ingenious logical effort, showed him to have taken credit to himself for the work of his father, John Cabot, and Sir Clements Markham, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, in a long paper read before that body, has expressed doubts whether Sebastian was even aboard the vessel which crossed the Atlantic in the summer of 1497. Sir Clements Markham, however, does not seem to have a very clear idea as to who really discovered North America. In one breath he says the credit probably belonged to the English captains who accompanied John Cabot in the 1498—that is the second—voyage, on which Cabot seems to have died, and in another he accepts John Cabot as the discoverer. He confuses the issue by telling us that John Cabot "received a grant of £10 for discovering North America," whereas, if he looks at the original authorities, he will see that the £10 was given by Henry VII. to "him who found the new ile," or words to that effect. Sir Clements wholly rejects the theory that Cabot's landfall was in Labrador, but Mr. Harrisse has given very cogent reasons for believing that it was. On the other hand, it seems to have occurred to none of the numerous authorities now investigating this problem, with a view to the celebration of the fourth centenary of Cabot's voyage, that "the new ile" is very strong evidence in favour of the claim of Newfoundland to have been first sighted by the plucky Genoese, sailing under the British flag in 1497.

The squabbles which have been going on for a long time past between the University of St. Andrews and its insubordinate commercial dependency, Dundee, are not, in a general way, subjects of serious interest. But

they have culminated in an appointment, openly made to annoy the Senatus. The Chair of English Literature has been vacant, and the only candidate apparent for it has been Professor McCormick, who is not merely one of the finest scholars of English in Scotland, supported by every authority on the subject in this country and the best on the Continent, but a man who has been engaged in lecturing at St. Andrews for years, and has the confidence of the Senatus. However, the elections at this University are conducted by the Court of twelve or thirteen persons whom the Marquess of Bute leads by the nose. Among these the only persons, except the Principal, possessing the smallest literary distinction, are the two Professors of Hebrew and Education, elected by the Senatus to guard their interests. All persons honestly interested in the welfare of the University have therefore been shocked, but not surprised, to learn that the choice of the Court has fallen, not on Professor McCormick, but on a Reverend Mr. Lawson, so utterly unknown to fame that even the Scotch newspapers attached to Lord Bute have been obliged to record his election in silence. We shall be glad to know what the Senatus proposes to do. What does the learned and accomplished Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Donaldson, think of this state of things?

Last week we published some Greek elegiacs by Professor Tyrrell, our opinion of which (and it has been confirmed by several correspondents) was that they were distinguished by a quite astonishing felicity of scholarship. One of our correspondents calls our attention to the following verses by Mr. Churton Collins, which appeared some years ago in print, and are well worth reproducing.

AN EPITAPH.

"One name was Elizabeth
The other let it sleep in death."

Ζωὴν μὲν σοὶ ἔδωκε φίλην πατρίς· ἔτρεφεν ἡβην
πάνθ' ὅσσα χρηστοφίλοις ἐγγράδιζε Τυχῇ.
Ξεῖνή δ' ἐν ξείνους ξείνων πάρα τύμβον ἐτέω,
τηλόθ' ὁμηλικίης, τηλόθι σῆς πατρίδος.

Edward Drinker Cope, whose death has been noticed by one or two of the more intelligent papers, was one of the most distinguished of modern zoologists. He was born at Philadelphia in 1840, and spent most of his life there as a student of anatomy, as Professor of Natural Science and as Corresponding Secretary of the great Academy of Natural Sciences. Zoological specialists have long known him as a most laborious and successful worker in vertebrate anatomy. He is specially identified with the wonderful series of primitive mammals discovered in the Cretaceous and Eocene beds of America. He has described more than 400 new species, and has helped largely in establishing the wonderful pedigrees of modern creatures like horses, and carnivores from the simple mammalian stock. One of his great rivals was Professor O. Marsh, whose name is known in connection with the discovery of toothed birds. At one time the scientific disputes between Marsh and Cope became so vigorous that the sensational American Press made excellent copy out of them.

A short time ago we had to draw attention to the very peculiar English which distinguishes the letters that come from the office of Lewis & Lewis, solicitors. But we had no idea at the time that Sir George Lewis himself did not know the difference between good English grammar and bad. Yet here we have the gentleman who was knighted on account of his intelligence, his friends say, writing a letter to the "Times" in English which seems rather to smack of Petticoat Lane than Ely Place. We take a couple of sentences at hap-hazard from the beginning of this epistle:—"I have observed in the correspondence which you have kindly published many observations about the fear of the prisoner committing perjury, but a total absence of reference to the fact that perjury is frequently committed by witnesses called for the prosecution. The prisoner hears the prosecutor invent a conversation or

an interview with him, and who, to give colour to his statement, swears that the prisoner's wife was present at such interview, and further produces a false witness to confirm his evidence." The italics in the first sentence are ours; the locution is not to be commended for clearness; the "and who" in the second sentence is, we suppose, aboriginal Yiddish.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SIR ALFRED MILNER.

SIR,—You will perhaps forgive me, a casual acquaintance, for writing to you when you learn that I am not about to solicit a favour from you nor even to flatter you. I am merely going to talk to you about yourself, your new position and prospects, and if I happen incidentally to give you some advice, I ask your pardon in advance for indulging in that peculiarly offensive form of self-glorification. Did I know you better I might be seduced (of course in the interests of truth) into telling you of the various faults and shortcomings which intimacy had discovered in you; but as it is you will be spared that amiable privilege of an old friendship. I am concerned rather with your work than with your personality, and if I touch upon your talents or your training, it will be because these throw light upon your future and upon the future of the great Colony you are called upon to govern.

Your appointment cannot be attributed to nepotism, nor to the odious form of snobbishness which consists in appointing the more incompetent members of the aristocracy to places which a just sense of their own want of ability would prevent them from accepting. You are the maker of your own fortune, and from boyhood your intellectual ability has been undisputed. You were the favourite pupil of Mr. Jowett, the late Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Some go so far as to say that he refused even to bracket the late Liberal Home Secretary with you, asserting that you had finer natural capacity; and your training has been the best that England could supply. As Mr. Asquith said at the farewell banquet given to you by your Oxford friends: "You studied scholarship and metaphysics under Jowett and Green, the art of writing under Mr. John Morley, finance and politics under Mr. Goschen, the practice of administration under Lord Cromer, and the discharge of the delicate and responsible duties which fall to the permanent head of a great Department of the State under Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt."

This farewell dinner was distinguished by the fact that the most notable political personages of the time assembled to do you honour, and that for the evening at least all party differences disappeared. Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, did not hesitate to sit down side by side with Mr. Acland, Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith. Sir William Harcourt, too, wrote a letter wishing you all good fortune, and professing himself "to be among the first of your admirers," while Lord Rosebery declared that you possessed "the union of intellect with fascination which makes men mount high." And your rewards have been commensurate with your opportunities. From an assistant editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" you were made the secretary of Mr. Goschen; for having served Mr. Goschen you were rewarded with a great post in the Egyptian administration, which brought you within a few years money and a knighthood; you were then, for no apparent reason, made the Permanent Head of a great Department of State. It is plain that England regards you as one of her ablest sons; for not only do men of all parties unite in praising you, but you have been selected while still comparatively a young man to fill one of the highest posts open to the civilian soldiers of the Empire. All this merely shows that, whatever your merits may be, you have certainly no cause to complain of fortune.

The speech you made at the farewell dinner on 27 March was a remarkable performance. It explained to a very large extent what men call your luck, and it almost justified your rapid preferment. There was a modesty in it that conciliated, a hesitancy that hinted at sincerity, and a high seriousness that was full of promise for the future. Evidently you are inclined to take your position seriously. "What we can do [in

South Africa]," you said, outlining your policy, "and what we ought to do, is to maintain justly the ties which exist, to use every opportunity which naturally offers itself of developing new ones, to do our best to remove misunderstandings and mistrust when they unfortunately exist, and to trust to time and the absolute reasonableness of our ideal to attain to its ultimate complete triumph."

We may, therefore, expect you to do your best, and on these lines your best will be easily sufficient. I know that this will sound strange to persons like the Colonial Secretary who, with a natural if not altogether laudable desire to magnify their own office, are continually talking about the complexity and difficulty of the South African problem; but it is nevertheless true. It is, Sir, a part of your good fortune to have got a position supposed to be extremely difficult, which is in reality extremely easy. Sir Hercules Robinson, taken at utter disadvantage, has fulfilled its duties to the admiration of all. He has convinced the Boer of his integrity, and, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain, of the integrity of the British Government. It is surely not too much to say that where Sir Hercules Robinson succeeded you can hardly fail; for you have his example to guide you. He contented himself with acting like an English gentleman, and the function is not a difficult one, for a great position assuredly ought to pre-dispose even the rudest to show consideration for others. You may have rude messages to transmit from Mr. Chamberlain to the Boer Government, but the asperities can be softened by dexterous translation, and Kruger is always willing to believe that roughness of speech is a peculiarity of language rather than a defect of disposition. When the President sends you curt answers to long expostulations, you will transmit them to England paraphrased and polished in translation, and so try to prevent two very worthy persons from coming to loggerheads. Your reward for this will be that you will return in a few years to England as a peer with a pension, and on your death you will leave a large private fortune and a very considerable reputation.

On the other hand, you may choose a better but much more difficult part. You may say to yourself, "I am going to make South Africa loyal." With that ideal before you, you will at once learn Dutch and the dialect of the South African Dutchman. You will read your Bible in "Taal" till its Scriptural phrases come to your need with complete ease, and its parables and proverbs, its histories and observations, form a part of your mind's armoury. You will pay visits to the scattered Dutch towns throughout the Colony, and speak to the Dutchmen in the language they have learned at their mother's knee, and with a sincerity which they will not think of questioning. You will point out to them that their future and the future of their children are bound up with the growth of the British Empire, and that it is better to be a subject of the Queen than the citizen of a small and unknown Republic. You will, in fact, make yourself the friend of these inarticulate Dutchmen, and they will soon come to believe in you, and to trust you. And if you really wish to become known as one of the greatest of Colonial statesmen, you will unite to this policy of conciliating your opponents a policy of Colonization. The Eastern province of Cape Colony is enthusiastically British, and history teaches that this loyalty dates from the time when the British Government helped a few hundred English farmers to emigrate and to establish themselves in the new land. This generosity cost the Mother-country only £50,000; and I think you will agree with me that never were £50,000 better invested. Make a belt of these plantations, Sir, beginning in Southern Bechuanaland, and running round in a sort of half-circle through Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and the African problem will of necessity solve itself.

England has given you much. Will you justify the confidence she has shown you and do much for her in return? After all, what is it we ask of you? You have to win Mr. Chamberlain to politeness and President Kruger to trust. You have above all to keep in mind the fact that a war between the two white races in South Africa would be a criminal folly. I have not even considered this alternative; I refuse to believe that it

is a possible alternative to you. Under the shadow of Table Mountain you will quickly realize that there is a certain colonial sentiment which is shared by the best Englishmen and Dutchmen alike, and which it would be desperate folly in a ruler to wound or even to ignore. And this colonial sentiment in South Africa is distinctly English, as Burke understood the term when he spoke of "the ancient and inbred integrity and piety of the English race." It is a sentiment, chiefly traditional, of confidence in the justice of England. To the South African England is still a sort of embodied conscience. If you will justify this sentiment, Sir, and strengthen it, you will not talk of war, nor think of war as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen do; the sense of England's power will not move you to rudeness and boasting, but to consideration for the weak and to all the sympathetic offices of gentlest courtesy. And in your high endeavour you will not expect comprehension, much less popular applause. Knowing that those who serve the ideal are usually rewarded in inverse ratio to their deserts you will do your uttermost, grimly speculating the while as to the form your punishment is to take. Look to it, Sir; you have a great, a unique opportunity. Every one in England is wondering whether in you Oxford has at length produced a great man or only another commoner who wins a pension by obsequiousness and a peerage by time-serving.

F. H.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER ON THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.

UP to the present the Greeks cannot be said to have made any very effective use of their naval superiority: indeed their fleet has exercised but little influence on the course of the war, except so far as its mere presence in the Ægean has intimidated the Turkish admirals and kept them from intervening in the struggle. On paper the Turkish navy is very much the stronger; in real fact—though it is notoriously unsafe to prophesy—the Greeks ought to possess a great advantage. They are in the first place a race of seamen, and they have plenty of material upon which to draw for the manning of their ships. Though miserably poor, they have not systematically neglected the training of their officers and men like the Turks, who have for many years maintained no sea-going squadron. The Greek ships may not be well equipped with quick-firers and the latest projectiles; the shooting of their gunners, who, we suspect, have not been overtaken with target practice, may be indifferent, but at each point the Turks are likely to be worse off. Nor is the material of the Greek fleet altogether contemptible. The best three ships are the small ironclads "Hydra," "Psara," and "Spetsai," each armed with three fairly modern 10-inch Canet guns and five 6-inch weapons of the same make. One of the three ships has just undergone a thorough refit at Toulon, and has got quick-firing guns. These vessels are nominally capable of steaming seventeen knots and carry heavy armour. There are two other ironclads, the "King George" and "Olga," both very old, slow, and good for little work at sea. Four small and relatively ancient cruisers with fourteen gunboats and twelve effective torpedo-boats make up the Greek total.

The Turks have in commission three squadrons, which will soon be reinforced. The first consists of five battleships, only one of which is at all modern, though two have been in recent years reconstructed and modernized to some extent. They carry a most miscellaneous armament of old Armstrong muzzle-loaders and Krupps of early pattern. Their nominal speeds do not exceed twelve or thirteen knots, and when we remember that the engines of most of them have not been worked for ten or fifteen years, there is good reason for the conclusion that in practice these speeds will not be approached. The internal fittings of the ships are described by correspondents as being in the last stage of dilapidation, and upon internal fittings such important points as rapidity of fire and ease of manœuvring must largely depend. Attached to the five battleships are an armoured gunboat and a very antique cruiser. The second squadron contains one refitted battleship and one turret-ship, to which all the above remarks apply; one wretched old corvette,

dating back to 1863; four armed steamers, and five torpedo-boats. The third squadron is composed of new torpedo-vessels. A Rear-Admiral, with a 22-knot torpedo-gunboat of German build as his flag-ship, commands it, and he has under him five good torpedo-boats, nominally capable of steaming twenty-two or twenty-three knots. In reserve, and probably quite unfit to go to sea, are nine more old ironclads and a dozen torpedo-boats.

The Turks will, without doubt, lose no time in putting these ships in something like order and getting them to sea; moreover, their squadrons already in commission will be gaining in efficiency each day. Therefore, the Greeks should strike and strike quickly. They have the advantage in training and mobility, and unless the Turkish navy has been much underestimated, its torpedo-craft cannot be very formidable. Good though the boats may look on paper—vastly better than those of the Greeks—nowhere are audacity, discipline and prolonged training more necessary than in torpedo-work. The Turks have plenty of stolid courage, but little of dash, except when led by Europeans. At sea their record has been one of almost uniform failure and disaster. They have no maritime population, for what merchant marine Turkey possesses is manned and owned by Greeks. The Greeks, on the other hand, achieved more than one brilliant success in the War of Independence, and in the fire-ship attack on the Turkish fleet in the bay of Tchesmé showed just the qualities which are needed for torpedo-work. If they fail at sea, it will be because the strategy of the campaign has been mismanaged.

Hitherto the Greeks have wasted their time in desultory attacks. By dividing their fleet and sending one squadron, the Western, to the Gulf of Arta and the other, the Eastern, into the Gulf of Salonica, whilst the torpedo-boats were steaming about the channel between Eubœa and the mainland, they have run considerable risk of defeat and given the Turks a most splendid opportunity which only Ottoman incapacity could have missed. But now the best ship in the Western squadron, the "Spetsai," has been ordered round to the east, and the torpedo-boats are also going north, which looks as though a concentration was in view with some decisive move as the object. The bombardment of Prevesa cannot be regarded as anything better than a waste of ammunition. Reading between the lines, it would seem that the Turkish forts beat off the ships; and although Prevesa, if taken, would have opened up maritime communication between the Greek force operating in Epirus and Patras, the Greek advance in Epirus cannot but be regarded at the best as one of those eccentric movements which it should be the aim of the strategist to avoid. The centre of the war is before Larissa, and the capture of Janina can be better effected at Turnavo than on the Arta.

Platamona and Liftokarga, both of which have been shelled by the Greek Eastern squadron, lie on the extreme Turkish left, upon the roads which lead from Salonica and Katerina to Tempe, Krania and Nezeros, and so to Larissa. A demonstration in this direction must therefore menace, to some extent, the Turkish line of communications. Still more would this be the case if, as is reported, Katerina has been attacked, for at Katerina another road from Ellassona comes in. But even if Katerina falls, Edhem Pasha can still bring up supplies by the Monastir railway from Salonica to Monastir, and thence by carriage road to the front, so that the capture of the place cannot prove in any way decisive. It will be worrying, not deadly. The true objective for the Greek fleet, if the Turkish navy does not take the sea, is Salonica or the line from Salonica to Constantinople. Salonica, however, is now fairly fortified; the Gulf is sown with mines; and it may well be doubted whether, in spite of the fact that there is a very large Greek population in and round the town, its capture is feasible. A considerable expeditionary force would be required, and this would mean imperilling the Greek position in Thessaly—in a word, another eccentric movement. The line between Salonica and Constantinople is carried for the most part far inland, and can only be reached by a fleet at two points, Kavala Bay and the

Gulf of Bura. Both are certain to be watched by the Turks in fair force: at the first point an attempt by a band of Greek irregulars has already failed; at the second, unless regular troops in considerable strength are employed, a similar attempt is not more likely to succeed. Six weeks ago the Greeks might have seized either Kavala or Salonica without excessive difficulty; now they are too hard-pressed in Thessaly and the Turks are too much on the alert.

The situation is in many ways analogous to that on the Riviera in 1795, when Nelson urged the Austrians to transport a body of troops by sea and place them on the French line of communications. This proposal Captain Mahan in his *Life of Nelson* criticizes adversely. Nevertheless, if the Greeks should be able to hold their ground in Thessaly, or if they should gain any distinct success there, they would probably make such an attempt, with the result that the Turks would be completely cut off from their base and compelled to surrender. It is certain that the Greeks could employ the troops now fighting in Epirus to far better effect in this direction. As for attempts to force the Dardanelles and suggestions that the Greek navy would do well to seize certain of the islands in the *Ægean*, the first step would mean disaster and destruction to the Greek ships; the second would exercise no imaginable influence on the course of the war, and would only be a repetition of the mistake of France in the war of 1778-1783.

"THOSE WHO LOVE ALLAH!"

JUNES EFFENDI, a divisional commander, it seems, in the Turkish army on the Thessalian frontier, was not known to fame until the beginning of this week. It has fallen to him, however, to crystallize into a few words, shouted aloud above the din of battle, the great fact which once again confronts Christian Europe—the existence in unimpaired strength and spirit of the Turkish fighting man.

The incident which led Junes Effendi to make his little speech to the men of his division is contained in the accounts of the fighting in the Malouna Pass telegraphed to London by the correspondents of Reuter's Agency and of the "Daily Mail." Here it is, as given in the "Daily Mail":—

"For thirty-six hours the Turks fought, without sleep, food, or drink. Soldiers could not be more severely tested. And yet they responded cheerfully to every call of their officers. Towards evening two battalions of Junes Effendi's division, dusty, fainting, and battle-worn, were ordered to charge the Greeks with the bayonet. Junes Effendi knew his men. He stepped forward and shouted to them, '*Those who love Allah will advance against the infidel!*' With irresistible enthusiasm the men dashed forward. They swept down the hill in order. Even the mule-drivers and the men of the baggage-train joined them in a wild frenzy of patriotism"—and carried the position at the point of the bayonet.

Just twenty years ago the writer of this article, then also a war correspondent, was standing at the edge of a Bulgarian hillside watching the varying fortunes of a desperate battle—the last which was fought by Mehemet Ali's army in the attempt to relieve Plevna—and he wrote of what he saw as follows:—

"From a spur of the ridge we had a complete view of the battle-field. The bare hill opposite, held by the Russians, lay immediately before us, and we could see their gunners blazing away from six earthworks. Suddenly there is a movement in the hollow behind our central battery; the two columns massed there, who have been so patient under the ricochet fire of the Russians, advance steadily. As they reach the top of the slope the bugle sounds, the columns open out and the whole line with a fierce shout of 'Allah! Allah!' disappears over the brow. We ride forward to watch. A tremendous salvo of artillery greets the advancing Turks; the side of the slope is shattered and torn by bursting shells, and we see scores of gallant men rolling down dead or wounded. Down go the Turks, through the ruined village, up the Russian slope. A terrific infantry fire opens upon them. It is clearly impossible for them to advance up to the earthworks; but, clinging to the hill in two steadfast lines,

they hold their ground. And when night fell they were still on the hillside. We could see the flashes of their rifles on the now dark background, making a belt of fire along the slope. An aide-de-camp is sent to fetch them back. 'We are all right,' said the officer in command. 'We can hold on here all night.' A more peremptory summons was sent, and at last they came back. 'I have never seen such devoted bravery,' said Valentine Baker to the writer; 'anything could be done with such troops if those who handle them knew how to do it.' The battle of Cherkovna was a defeat for the Turk; but it afforded ample proof of the undaunted valour of the Turkish private soldier."

That was in 1877, when for so many months the Turks withstood the whole power of Russia and Roumania. No one who was present with the Turkish armies during that stupendous campaign can ever lose the impression there formed that the Turkish soldier—Nizam, Redif, or Mustafuz—is a fighting man of the first order. Those who thus knew him smiled, therefore, when, not long ago, the Turkish army on the frontier of Thessaly was described as being "ragged, badly shod, and ill fed." Ragged? But beneath the rags are healthy bodies and limbs, untouched by disease, hardened by strict and austere abstemiousness, strengthened by a lifetime passed in the open air. Badly shod? What of that if with feet wrapped in strips of linen, and shod with rough sandals, the man can march thirty miles a day without getting foot-sore? Ill fed? But can a man be said to be ill fed when he has what he wants, what he is accustomed to—a handful of rice or beans, and a bit of bread, with a scrap of meat added, if possible? On such fare, with water for his drink, the Turkish soldier will march and fight for months together, content with his rags and his rations, and not clamouring for pay. Was not Valentine Baker right in saying that such men, well led, would do anything? That was the great want in the Turkish army of 1877—leaders. With the exception of Osman of Plevna there was hardly a single general on the Turkish side worthy to command such magnificent material. This cry for leaders for the Turks was echoed, years after, by Mr. S. Lane-Poole when he wrote: "There are some who believe in a great Mohammedan revival with the Sultan Khalif at the head—a second epoch of Saracen prowess and a return to the good days when Turks were simple, sober, honest; men who fought like lions. There is plenty of such stuff in the people still: but where are their leaders?" The question finds more ready answer now than it did twenty years ago. There are leaders for the Turks now, thanks to the creator of the modern Turkish army, His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor, who has done more for the "Mohammedan revival" than any other man. Captain Lebrun Renaud of the French army, who has made the military power of Turkey a study, says of it: "Every day the Ottoman army is making serious progress; it is recruited with regularity; it is well armed; its manœuvres are based upon correct rules; new railways enable its rapid mobilization; it is in a condition to meet eventualities from without."

"Eventualities from without"—in plain English, the possible partition of the Turkish Empire. None know better than the German officers who have assisted in the reorganization of the Turkish army since 1880—Koehler and Kamphoevener, Von Hobe, Ristow, Schilgen, and Von de Goetz—how splendid is the fighting material which is the mainstay of the Turkish Empire: those ragged Nizams and Redifs who go into battle mocking at death, cursing the Giaour, and breathing the name of God. "*Those who love Allah will advance to the attack of the infidel!*" Junes Effendi knew how to let slip his dogs of war.

It is interesting to observe that, to judge from the reports of the correspondents with the Turkish army, the Turkish army in the field is behaving itself properly in the moment of victory. We have not heard of any murdering of the wounded or mutilation of the dead. Is it the influence of the German instructors of the Turks that has eradicated the strong propensity to commit these barbarities? I think not. The propensity is there, *must* be there, still. The slaying of an enemy, wounded or not, and especially of a Christian enemy, is a pleasure to an Oriental; the

mutilation of his body is no atrocity. Originally the heads of the slain were cut off by the victors for the convenience of counting. The modern Osmanli has simply inherited the habit from his ancestors. It is perfectly natural to him to cut off the head of a dead enemy. Strange, therefore, does it seem to us who saw the hideous deeds of 1877 to read in the papers of to-day that the Turks after their victories in the Malouna Pass "treated the Greek dead with reverence, and laid them in the shade." We can hardly believe our eyes as we read it.

Here by way of contrast is an extract, from a stained and battered note-book of 1877, under the date "Karahassan, September":—

"During the assault on the village of Karahassan Nedjib Pasha, who commanded the main attack, was standing beneath a tree. His victorious battalions were raging through the streets, maddened by the desperate defence offered by the Russians. Suddenly one of the soldiers ran out of the ranks holding aloft the head of a Russian impaled on his bayonet.

"'God is great, Pasha!' he shouted, making straight for Nedjib. 'Behold the head of an infidel!'

"Then, lowering his rifle, he drew the head off against his foot and left it there on the ground in front of his commander as a war offering. Nedjib, a humane and enlightened man, turned away with an angry exclamation of disgust; whereupon the soldier, nowise abashed, promptly ran his bayonet through the head again, brandished it on high, and with a fierce cry of 'Allah! Allah!' went on like a madman down the blazing street."

WENTWORTH HUYSHE.

GREEK SOLDIERS.

THE Greek army in Thessaly is passing through its ordeal in a way which must silence once for all those who deny the fighting powers of the modern Greek. Whatever be the issue of the next few days' fighting, whether the Crown Prince succeeds after all in making a stand against his too formidable enemy or not, those who fell in the Miluna Pass and in the other frontier engagements have justified the confidence of the Greeks in the bravery and enthusiasm of their soldiers; the policy of sending them forth on a task that seems likely to be far beyond their powers is only the more deeply condemned by the sacrifice of lives so bravely lost.

Until we have more detailed reports of the fighting, we shall not know exactly what regiments were engaged. But one fact already recorded is quite consistent with the expectation of those who have seen anything of the Greek army. The men who held back the attack of the Turks so long in the Miluna Pass, and left its northern slopes strewn with their dead, are said to have been Evzoni (εβζονοι). These regiments, who wear the Albanian dress which is generally regarded as the Greek national costume, correspond to our Highlanders. They are a splendid set of men—not all of great stature, though some exceed the average in this respect also; they all carry themselves well; they have a springy stride and a martial bearing which is not mere affectation; and, even if it were, affectation and pride are very near together in such matters, and are not to be despised as military qualities. Of course they are the show troops, and know themselves to be so; but their "swagger" in the streets of Athens has been borne out by their action in the field of battle. Their uniform could not be better designed to set off their trim figures and their sprightly bearing. They wear a red felt cap with a long tassel, of a more picturesque and irregular shape than the Turkish fez; a white felt vest and jacket, covered with dark embroidery, and enlivened with red facings; and a white shirt that hangs loose through the swinging sleeves attached to the vest. Their white kilt is pulled in at the waist to an extent that eclipses the horrors of tight-lacing; on their legs they have white woollen tights, and their red shoes are turned up at the toes and end in scarlet tassels. Nothing can excel in brilliancy the appearance of a regiment of these Evzoni, in the bright Greek sunshine; it must be seen to be realized. The men themselves are the pick of the Greek troops. They are, many of them, the descendants of those Klephts who were never subdued beneath the Turk-

ish yoke, and who formed the backbone of the insurgent forces in the Greek Revolution. Like their ancestors, they are probably unsurpassed in guerilla warfare, and the successes of the Greeks in this direction are only what might have been expected. No country could wish for a finer set of troops to guard its mountain passes against the inroads of marauding bands, or to suppress brigandage and keep order throughout a rugged and inaccessible district. Such are the purposes for which the Greek army is really required; and the highland regiments are admirably adapted to meet the requirements. The pity is that Greece has not contented itself with keeping up these picked troops, the descendants of a warrior caste, but has added to its military strength on paper by a conscription enforced upon all classes of the population. The numbers thus enlisted are not wanted for any purpose of defence or police, for Greece could under no conceivable circumstances have been threatened with the invasion of a regular army, unless the aggressive position of her own army had provoked the attack. And moreover the unnecessary numbers, while they drain the resources of the country, are not a proportionate increase of its real military strength, even for the purposes for which they are presumably kept up. It is perhaps premature to say anything yet of the fighting value of the Greek regiments of the line; they, after all, consist to a great extent of the same people that have been clamouring for war, and their enthusiasm may have led them to do something to justify their clamour. But it must be admitted that no one who has seen them slouching about the country or loitering in the towns would be disposed to expect great things of them. Of course their shabby and ill-fitting uniforms—blue-black coats and nondescript blue-grey trousers—contrast badly with the smart dresses of the kilted regiments; but the uniform only seems a part of the men, and quite in accordance with their bearing. I once had the misfortune to be shut in the Acropolis Museum at Athens at night, and was captured by the guard; and I shall never forget the yell of abject terror with which the first man who came to the door fled when he saw from the state of the door that some one had been trying to force it from inside, or the long and timid delays before any one dared to open the door. It is true I do not know whether I was taken for a ghost or for a band of brigands; but the alarming indications hardly sufficed to justify either apprehension; and one could not help wondering how the same men would behave in the face of real danger. It is a thousand pities to take the peasant from his olives and his vines and his corn, and set him to impoverish the country instead of enriching it, especially when he does not make much of a soldier after all.

Those who have lived in Greece are probably surprised at the little service that has been done by the Greek artillery, which certainly gives a better impression than the infantry, and is supplied with the most intelligent both of the officers and of the men. Whether it was not where it was wanted most, or, being there, did not do its work well, its inferiority to the Turkish on vital occasions seems only too apparent. I heard an English artillery officer express surprise at the intelligence of the men; and the rapidity with which recruits picked up a drill that our gunners take much longer to learn: can it be that what is too quickly learnt is too quickly lost in the moment of danger? We have not, as yet, heard anything of the Greek cavalry either; but it is certainly not showy, and does not look as if it were capable of any brilliant charges, though the horses probably have a good deal of endurance, and can go far on mountain tracks; one would be sorry to see them face Turkish cavalry on the plain.

But it is perhaps in discipline more than in anything else that the Greek soldier is lacking. Even the Evzoni, however good at guerilla warfare in the mountains, would probably feel this defect in a regular campaign. It is no uncommon thing to hear the word of command disputed or discussed on the parade ground or on the march; it probably would be the same on the battlefield. The Greek is too democratic in his tradition and character to admit the notion of unreasoning obedience to any superior; and, moreover, it is a serious difficulty that there is no recognized class in Greece from whom

enough officers can be drawn. Some rise from the ranks, and no Greek can ever regard his companion as superior to himself. There is practically no middle class in Greece. In the country all are equal, except the village magnates, who would not think of entering the army, and, if they did, would not retain their purely local prestige. In Athens there are indeed plenty of rich and distinguished families; and from some of them the best officers of Greece have come. But the number of them is naturally limited in so small a country. Too many of the officers are merely loungers in boulevards and cafés, who probably despise their men, and for whom their men have no respect. Of course there are many exceptions; but here also the whole system is wrong: the only really satisfactory arrangement for Greece would be to array its highlanders under the descendants of those who led them as Klephts and as insurgents. This is doubtless done to some extent; but here again the largeness of the army destroys its efficiency. It is also to be regretted that the officers of the regiments that wear the white kilt and embroidered coat do not wear the same dress themselves in richer materials; it is not merely a question of dress, but of feelings and traditions. How can the descendants of the Klephts preserve their respect under a leader who wears a dark cloth tunic and trousers? Otho did better in this matter; he wore the national dress himself, and so did his Court and his officers.

If the bravery of the best of the Greek troops has won our admiration, it is pitiable to think of the mass of the army, carried to the frontier by genuine, if misguided, enthusiasm, and set to face a real warfare so different from the vision of the journalist and the orator. A very heavy responsibility rests on those who rashly urged on the people to their fate.

ERNEST GARDNER.

CHARLES HAZELWOOD SHANNON: AN APPRECIATION.

CHARLES SHANNON is amongst those artists with whom a desire for knowledge came prior to any definite assertion; and as a man, however beautiful may be the meadows round his own home, is seized with a desire to travel, returning, maybe, to find the green grass and the trees of his childhood the most acceptable, or settling in some remoter spot among less simple surroundings—but in either case with a fuller comprehension, a more curious love for what he ultimately chooses to live with—in the same spirit such a painter deliberately turns his back on his own small garden, to see a wider world. And I would point out that in art and letters *le grand tour* is almost a thing of the past. The young writer, the young painter will know his work to be enhanced, the one with a Greek quotation plucked happily from a chance page of a book, or a sudden recollection of some line committed to memory under fear of the rod, the other with an assumption of the easier and more obvious qualities of a past master. Shallow affectation of this kind is particularly rife at the present moment; and as, therefore, real knowledge is rare, so will there be few able to follow the gradual building up of Mr. Shannon's style.

Putting aside of course the older men, I am inclined to think that he is entitled to be treated as the only great draughtsman among his contemporaries. I know that drawing is the least understood of all the arts; and I would go so far as to say that by most artists it is not understood at all. A true drawing is as far removed from a sketch as, say, one of Mr. Whistler's nocturnes from another painter's *ébauche*. Mr. Shannon has before all else a very wonderful comprehension of whatever medium he takes up. In the exhibition of his drawings now being held at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society, he shows a selection of drawings in a variety of materials; but apart from the more important compositions drawn on the stone, the greater part have been executed with the sanguine; and in these one scarcely knows whether their strength or their delicacy is the more admirable. He shows a grasp of the completeness of the nude, the feeling of a woman made in one piece from head to foot, coupled with a sense of finish

both of material and line, which I know in none but the great masters of drawing.

The extremities of his figures indicate the care spent on their conception; excepting only on certain Greek vases can one find such feet as Mr. Shannon gives us. Here is no looseness of finish, but a thing perfect in conception, executed with an unlagging hand. The folds of his drapery, the fingers of his hands, show a power of finished selection which should be a source of lasting pleasure to the possessor of his drawings. Harmony of movement, dignity of *allure*, are the qualities one finds in his figures. Complications of modelling would help him no more than they would have helped Sotades when he drew with unerring hand and faultless taste his women round the wine cup. Mr. Shannon was in a school where the great Greek archaic artists were the ushers; having learned the real language of the artist he has never occupied himself with the slang of the studios. To most painters Greek, Italian or French art means the *résumé* of a cursory examination when they happen, in their moments of leisure, to be straying away from their own important works. Mr. Shannon has always struck me by his unerring power of selecting the very best influences from each period he chooses to study; nevertheless, nourished as he has been by two foster-mothers, Greece and Venice, he seems, more than any one else, to be carrying on the great traditions of British art.

England has never produced, and never will produce, a Holbein. To me, an alien by blood, it has ever been a source of wonderment that these frank, direct and scrupulous natures should, in art, develop entirely different characteristics. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Blake, Turner, Alfred Stevens and Watts—have they not all been fascinated by the more coloured and the more romantic and imaginative side of life? When Ford Madox Brown painted his picture of "Work," was he not rather obsessed by the idea of painting a great epic of modern life, which he doggedly carried out to a successful issue, than by the calm, deep love of simple form expressed with dignity and perfect taste which distinguished so many foreigners, such as Dürer, Van Eyck, Holbein, Piero della Francesca, and in "idle, profane" France even, Chardin and Degas? In Mr. Shannon's portraits, for instance, one might almost suppose him to commence with a fine general embodiment of a pose, which he modifies in accordance with the character of the sitter, and on to which he tacks a sufficiently close resemblance.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that the art of England has had so considerable an influence on the austere art of other countries; enriching it with its imagination and noble conceptions. From an artist like Mr. Shannon, gifted, one might venture to say, with a more "professional" hand and a broader mind than most of his school, choosing to study, as he has done, with more modesty than his contemporaries the productions of other countries, we may hope for an achievement which will place him on a level footing with the great English artists.

WILL ROTHENSTEIN.

THE PASSING OF THE FUR SEAL.

FOR fully two years before our Government decided to despatch a party of naturalists to the Behring Sea to investigate, from the British point of view, the latest phase of the sealing question, complaints had been made by both the United States and Russia that the operations of the pelagic hunters were leading to the extermination of the animals from all the breeding grounds on the Pribyloff and Commander Islands. It cannot be said, therefore, that we, who have a large stake in this pelagic branch of the sealing industry, have moved with undue precipitation in the investigation of what is a very important matter. Lord Salisbury might have chosen, and he may yet choose, if the Commissioners so advise, to stand by the terms of the Paris award of 1893, when it was agreed that the regulations passed "for the proper protection and preservation of the fur seal in or habitually resorting to" the Behring Sea should be submitted every five years to a new examination. But this arrangement does not, of course, preclude an earlier reopening of the question if the parties concerned agree upon the

necessity of such a step; and if it be true (and there can be little doubt that it is true) that the animals are diminishing in numbers at an alarming rate, it would be an obvious piece of folly on the part of Great Britain, which alone stands in the way, to insist upon the observance of the letter of the award and wait until there are no seals left before taking action. All that is wanting now, before we decide upon some course, is the report of the Commissioners, which should have been out long ago. Failing any mutually satisfactory basis of agreement, there is reason to fear that the extreme party in America—which country, be it noted, has never been at the pains to conceal its dissatisfaction with the award, for reasons which are essentially selfish—may have its way, and that a Bill may be passed to empower the Secretary of the Treasury to slaughter every fur seal found on the Pribiloff Islands (which are the American islands), and to sell the skins to the best advantage for the benefit of the Treasury at Washington. This proposal to kill the goose that lays the golden egg in a fit of pique does not commend itself as reasonable; but it is significant that the Secretary of the Treasury last year gave the lessors of the fishery, the North American Commercial Company, permission to take twice as many male skins during that season as they were allowed to take in the previous year; his reason being that the seals after leaving the rookeries are killed in any case. If the matter is not settled early, we are threatened with another Jingo outburst against England. We will no doubt survive it, but for the protection of our own interests it seems desirable that a *modus vivendi* should not be put off any longer. Mr. Smalley tells us that Professor Thompson's report will "contain facts showing that much damage is caused by pelagic sealing and the indiscriminate killing of females." In that case something must be done at once.

That the seals are diminishing in numbers, and that they have gone on diminishing in spite of the Paris regulations, are facts which unfortunately admit of little question, in spite of Sir Charles Tupper's airy denial. Less than ten years ago an approximate estimate of the animals found on the islands of St. Paul and St. George—that is, the two islands of the Pribiloff group frequented by the seals—gave a total of 3,000,000. Certainly the rookeries and the hauling grounds were packed so closely that there was literally not room enough for all the seals to live comfortably. A careful count made two years ago resulted in the enumeration of a little over 200,000. Under the terms of the original lease, the Company in possession of the islands was permitted to kill 100,000 bachelor males every season, and, high as that limit appears, it was really small by comparison with the number of the whole herd. Down to the time when pelagic sealing began to be prosecuted in the Behring Sea as well as in the open waters of the North Pacific, there was, by the admission of Sir George Baden-Powell himself, little apparent falling off. In 1890, the last year of the old lease, the Alaska Commercial Company found it impossible to take the number of bachelors or "see-katchies" permitted by law, simply because there were not 100,000 to take. Under the new lease to the North American Commercial Company, it was stipulated that the Secretary of the Treasury should fix the annual catch at his discretion. In 1895 Mr. Carlisle found it necessary to restrict the land catch to 15,000 male skins. In that same year the vessels engaged in the pelagic branch of the industry numbered ninety-seven, of which eighty-one were employed in the award area. Between them they killed and recovered 56,291 seals, or a decrease, as compared with the corrected figures of 1894, of 5,547. That this decrease was caused by the falling off in the spring catch along the shores of the United States and British Columbia will be obvious when we state that the catch in the Behring Sea alone, after the close season, was 44,169, or 12,584 more than in 1894. All this is quite independent of the Asiatic catch, which did not exceed 39,003 skins, as compared with 79,305 skins taken in those waters—that is, off the Japanese and Russian coasts—in the previous season.

The Paris regulations, it may be remembered, established a close season during the months of May, June, and July, and (among other things) made it illegal to

use firearms or explosives in the Behring Sea, or to "kill, capture, or pursue" the seal within a radius of sixty miles of the Pribiloff Islands. The American Government has all along maintained that these regulations would fail to protect the herd from undue destruction. But the contention that the only remedy was the total prohibition of pelagic fishing north of latitude 35° N. was not reasonable; for, apart from the monopoly that the Americans would thereby have gained, there was no adequate ground for depriving the men engaged in this important branch of the trade of their regular occupation. It has become apparent, however, that the regulations were not sufficiently stringent. During the winter months the seals take their long swims into the Pacific. The Russian herd, which breeds on the Commander Islands, heads past the Kurile Islands for the Japanese coast, and in the spring returns by the way it went. The American herd makes right across from the Aleutian Islands to the British Columbian waters, and returns along the shores of Alaska, entering the Behring Sea again by way of Unalaska. The pelagic sealers and the Alaskan Indians meet them, kill as many as they possibly can with spears and Winchesters, register their catch at Unalaska or at Victoria, and take care to be in the Behring Sea by August 1. The number of females is in excess of the number of males, bull or bachelor, and it happens that between 60 and 70 per cent. of the skins taken in the spring are those of gravid females. After giving birth to her pup on one or other of the islands, the mother finds it necessary to make expeditions into the water in search of food. She is sometimes found—and killed, of course—as far as 200 miles from the breeding grounds. She swims with marvellous celerity, and thinks nothing of a hundred-mile trip. The bulls do not eat on the islands, and rarely go into the water until they quit the place for the season in September or October; and the superfluous males—the bachelors—have no such incentive as the females to go far away from the summer home. Thus it happens that last year 73 per cent. of the American and 56 per cent. of the Canadian catch outside the sixty-mile radius consisted of females. More than this. A seal pup deprived of its mother dies of starvation, for no other female will adopt it. Last year more than 28,000 pups were found starved to death on the Pribiloff Islands, because their mothers had been killed whilst in search of food beyond the radius. It would be an insult to the reader's intelligence to point out to him the radical defect and the ultimate outcome of a system under which this kind of thing can flourish. But the difficulty in the way of an easy and satisfactory solution is that in the water it is almost impossible to distinguish between a female and a bachelor seal. It must not be supposed, however, that the men whom the American people are fond of describing as poachers on their seal preserves are Canadians only. About one-half of them are Americans, who "steal that way year by year" from California and Oregon. And in the matter of the illicit use of firearms in the Behring Sea, these Americans are notoriously the most unscrupulous. It is satisfactory to know that such repressive measures as may be adopted will operate to the disadvantage of American as well as Canadian pelagic sealers.

HANS VON BÜLOW'S LETTERS; AND THE COLLAPSE OF "HIS MAJESTY."

THANKS to the public taking a firm stand against attending concerts during Easter week, it has at last become possible for me to read "Bülow's Early Correspondence" (Fisher Unwin) with some care, and to notice it with some carelessness. For interesting though these letters are, and interesting though the man was, there has never been an interesting book written about him or them; and the interesting articles have been so few and far between that the critic capable of taking thought for his reputation determines to get over the difficult ground as quickly and lightly as may be. The character of Hans von Bülow is certainly one of the most difficult in the world to grasp. One rises from reading his Letters or one of those collections of anecdotes called a Sketch of his life, puzzled, if not

exasperated, by having received a series of contradictory impressions, each in turn destroying in a great measure the one received before it. Not by any dodging, changing of the point of view, placing the man, so to say, in different lights, can his features be brought into any sort of harmony; one can never be certain for two consecutive minutes whether one is looking at man, angel, elf or devil; and in the end one is irresistibly driven to the conclusion that he was something of all the four, a kind of mosaic, and not a complete character. Yet even here the self-contradictoriness of his character pursues one; for Bülow had none, or at least very little, of the ineffectiveness of the man whose faculties are not co-ordinated. He did a big thing in a masterly, confident way; even if he did things at the same time which almost deceive one into thinking that nothing he did could be of the slightest importance. One moment he seemed to be quite sure of himself, as sure as genius is always; and the next he seemed to doubt himself—to laugh sardonically at himself for ever having felt sure. He would conduct a symphony in the sublimest fashion, and then make himself ridiculous by a foolish speech from the platform; he would play part of a sonata on the piano divinely, and then find it impossible to resist the temptation to ask a lady in the audience to desist from fanning herself "as he was playing in common time and she was fanning in three-four time." Even in his early days he everlastingly got into scrapes, not because he was a forceful personality carrying on a war of extermination against all the enemies of the true musical art, but simply because, as his sister mentions, he had an indescribable and indeed quite incomprehensible knack of doing things that got him into scrapes. It is hard to avoid laughing, somewhat fretfully, at him. That he was a personality is certain, for he accomplished something; but so unsatisfactory is that personality that it seems quite probable that later generations will refuse to believe in him until documentary proof of his work is laid before them; while already one reads his Letters, not for what they tell us about him, but for what one learns of the unmistakable men, the men we can focus, whom he knew and wrote about, and when reading it is necessary to remind, almost to persuade, oneself that Bülow did accomplish something, and that it is worth while trying to understand him.

And after all, what does one learn of him? He was a precocious youth, and his parents, who seem to me to have belonged to the noble order of bourgeois imbeciles, wanted him to become a lawyer—the law, a profession which I confess to regard as dishonesty reduced to a science, being considered by them to be an honest mode of earning a living and a reputation. Bülow kicked against being forced into so vile a trade, but he was so filled with the Honour thy father and thy mother superstition that not until after endless arguments and quarrels did he take a decisive step by going to Zurich and placing himself under Wagner as a pupil. And in this incident we perceive at once a weak element in him. Had he been of the stuff that the first rank men are made of, the commandments of his father and mother, even commandments sent down from the mountain-tops amidst thunders and lightnings, would not have held him back for five minutes. But he clung to this amazing notion that people belonging to an age that (of necessity) knew less than his age were necessarily wiser than he was; and his conscience—bless it!—was not appeased until Wagner and Liszt between them had partly persuaded the foolish old people that it was not quite the proper thing to force their son to adopt a profession which he, very naturally, detested. Presently he secured the conductorship of a small theatre; then he joined Liszt at Weimar to study the piano in deadly earnest. When Liszt thought he was ready to take the plunge as a public player he took it—took it and, at first, failed. That is to say, he was here received favourably, there unfavourably, but finally grew disheartened and accepted a post as musical tutor in the household of a Polish count. From this drudgery he ultimately escaped, and, as all the world knows, succeeded. And that is to say, he gained a vast number of admirers who swore by him, some by him as a pianist, some by him as a conductor, some—but only a few—by him as both. Of course we in

England have heard of him chiefly as a pianist; but the truth is that on the Continent he was never accepted so unreservedly as either Liszt or Rubinstein, or for that matter, as Clara Schumann, or, in our own time, as Rosenthal or D'Albert. Even his most fervent worshippers admit that he was frequently dry, or forced, or even Academic. However, he did win a big name, less, perhaps, by his fingers than by his bâton, and it may even be less by his bâton than by his tongue.

But, again, what does one learn of him from this book beyond these bare facts? Well, numberless charming traits are revealed—we see that Bülow had his moments of childlike simplicity, of sincere and deep affection, of profound reverence for the men he knew in his heart to be grander beings than himself. We see also that occasionally his insight was too keen for his reverence, that sometimes ambition led him to fancy he saw further than he really did, and that self-distrust and consciousness of his weaknesses often led him to despair of his ambitions. It is difficult, if not impossible, to resist the belief that he felt, more or less vaguely and unconsciously, that his wonderful powers did not somehow work smoothly together, did not converge to one focus so as to impress himself and the world with the idea that here was a potent personality. He was always wondering, doubtfully, whether he had a distinct individuality, whether he would not be, as it were, swallowed by Wagner and Liszt. The truly big men are always anxious for new experiences, anxious to come in contact with other minds that they may absorb and fatten on whatever they find there. Bülow went in terror lest he should be absorbed. Even when he seemed most confident, as when he wrote to his mother, himself italicizing the sentence, "*My own individuality will not be lost, it remains in God's care,*" the note strikes one as the note of despair. And that is the prevailing note whenever he talks of his highest ambitions. It is not in the long run an agreeable note; and were the Letters purely about himself the letters would not find many readers.

But they will be read for the numerous little pictures they afford us of Wagner and Liszt, each sitting in the midst of his court like a king—the former a king in reduced circumstances. It was evidently a first condition of being permitted to come to court at all that the aspirant to court honours must render himself body and soul to the king, and hold himself in readiness day and night to do any service that might be required of him. It is indeed quite comical to see how completely (at Zurich at any rate) the word Art was identified with the words Richard Wagner. If a writer failed to mention the words in any article or notice, however brief, he was regarded with suspicion as a traitor, a possible traitor, to Art. Zurich, in fact, was then what Bayreuth is now, save that there was something to fight for. And perhaps it is as well that there is nothing to fight for now. The warfare of those days was carried on with bitterness; but for the most part with some little fairness. Amongst all Wagner's enemies I cannot recall one who was cad enough to take an action for libel. No publishing firms paid the expenses of those of their employes who would take libel actions, not in the hope of winning them, but in the knowledge that even the winner of a libel action, especially if he is the defendant, is always considerably out of pocket, and that the pocket of a publishing firm being deeper and better filled than that of a musician, the musician, unless he with forethought protects himself, is bound to come worst out of the conflict. Nowadays a sapient musical critic spends all the money he makes, settles his property on his wife, and surrounds himself with creditors who will see to it that the publishing firm will get nothing, even if its action should unexpectedly prove successful owing to a jury being a jury. In the old days these measures were unnecessary: Wagner and his opponents fought like men and with the weapons of men: they thought of Art—i.e. Richard Wagner—not of publications for the market. And perhaps too they knew that the man who tries to ruin a critic is regarded with contempt at the time, and is sure to lose in the long run—for depend upon it the critic waits his time, and strikes, and does not miss. There are occasions when generosity is misplaced, and vindictiveness justifiable. And as a matter of fact none

knew this better than Bülow. Of all Wagner's followers he could and did strike the hardest; and the victory that was won in the end was due in a great measure to his prowess. Why he left the winning side—for undoubtedly he did leave it—seems to me only partly explicable in the light of domestic disasters; and it seems much more explicable in the light of these Letters, for those who will read them properly. Bülow was not a leader of men; he was the most splendid lieutenant of the century. But he always longed to be a captain; and in an earlier and more barbarous age he might have been capable of stabbing his captain in the back.

"Saturday evening next will be the last performance of 'His Majesty' at the Savoy. Sir A. C. Mackenzie will, later on, write the music for another Savoy opera." So says the "Times"; but while fully appreciating the tender care of that journal to let Sir Alexander gently to the ground, I cannot disguise my incredulity about the last sentence, nor refrain from the thought that the "Times" knows as well as Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and indeed all of us, that comic oratorio has proved somewhat disappointing. "La Poupée," by a composer who is probably regarded by the Academic mind as no musician, was produced at about the same time as "His Majesty," and it runs on merrily at the Prince of Wales's, and seems likely to run on for some months to come.

J. F. R.

NOT WORTH READING.

TO those managers who so kindly invited me to spend Easter Saturday at the theatre in London I have nothing to offer but my apologies. I grant that "The Queen's Proctor" at the Strand, with Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Cyprienne, would have repaid me, had I been less in need of a holiday, for a return from the country. As it was, I thought it best to be content with having seen it before and praised it as it deserved. I had no reason to doubt the excellence of Mr. Fred Horner's "On Leave" at the Avenue; and I thought it would be well perhaps not to risk a change in that friendly attitude by visiting it with a grudge against the management for bringing me away from the healing country air. So I stayed in the Surrey hills, and found myself thinking at odd moments about the relation between the country and the theatre. The country, it occurred to me, is very dull to those who spend much time there. And this is exactly the case with the theatre. Only, the country is better ventilated, and keeps healthier hours. If it is dull, at least it does not advertise itself as a lively place; and it is cheaper, because you are charged half a guinea for a chair in the theatre for three hours, whereas you can get a whole cottage for a week for that sum in the country. In point of scenery and weather the theatre is more to be depended on; but the successes of the country in these respects far surpass those of the theatre; and the view is not obstructed by *matinée hats*. Both, perhaps, may be described as places

"Where every prospect pleases

And only Man is vile,"

for agriculture is a failure because the agricultural labourer is underpaid and overworked and the farmer out of date, whilst the drama is a failure because the actor is overpaid and underworked and the manager behind the times.

Here it is so certain that I shall be violently contradicted by the actor, that I sit down for a while on the hillside to consider whether it would not have paid me better to have gone on the stage instead of taking to criticism. In London, I understand, a "leading man" can get about £25 a week (discounted by a few weeks' gratuitous rehearsal) for physical qualifications no better than those of an average ranker in a smart cavalry regiment, for a degree of personal address and "style" just sufficient to bear the criticism of the Stock Exchange, for as much habituation to the mechanical routine of the stage as an office-boy could acquire in a few months, for a stage manner almost as dreadful as the "bedside manner" of an undistinguished suburban doctor in general practice, for a degree of personal comeliness which, though certainly more ravishing than that of the average dramatic critic (who is cut off

from the aid of the make-up box), is resistible by a heroine of no more than ordinary strength of mind, and for the art of making an undertrained voice resound penetratingly in the nose.

Now if I could swoop down on the city-and-suburban trains any morning between half-past eight and half-past ten; capture the first-class carriages; and lay hands on all the adult male passengers under thirty who did not drop their aitches, I could with less than a year's drill work ninety per cent. of them up to the £25 leading-man standard as certainly as a village lout can be worked up into a trim soldier or into the responsible and authoritative policeman in command of a London street crossing. But I should be very lucky if I found one sane man among them willing to consent to the process, although the rejected ten per cent. would be composed mostly of stage-struck idiots. Their objections to embrace the actor's career would not arise from Puritanism, but from the undeniable fact that if the ninety per cent. went through with my curriculum, the three with the most aptitude for getting engagements (not the three best actors) might get from £18 to £25 for six months in the year in London whilst they were in fashion; about twenty might get from £3 to £5 for four months or thereabouts in the provinces; and the rest would have to live solely by borrowing money from one another. Under these circumstances, it is not worth any one's while to train actors seriously. Hence there are no authoritative public schools of acting, and consequently no profession. There are the geniuses who train themselves—"forty-pound actors" who presently become actor-managers, and divide the command of our theatres with thrifty twenty-five-pounders—but there is, I repeat, no profession.

Now the actor will not fail to remark that his "profession" in this respect is no worse than my own. Indeed, the comparison is too flattering to the critic, except in London and some half a dozen cities in which first-rate newspapers are published. In minor towns the actor may be what a carpenter or mason would contemptuously describe as "no tradesman"; but the critic is so abysmally beneath contempt that nobody would dream of taking him seriously enough to call him an impostor. At a well-known seaside resort the other day a newspaper suddenly let loose on the theatre a critic who did not choose to act as a mere puffster for advertisers. He wrote a notice of the local theatre which, though extremely indulgent, was nevertheless a critical notice. The manager, to whom such a thing had never happened before, discussed it excitedly with his friends until news came that the critic was brazenly walking through the streets of the town like any other citizen. He instantly sallied out with two retainers; smote the critic hip and thigh; and then threw himself as an insulted public man on the sympathy of his country, which callously fined him £3. I am devoutly thankful that critics are not quite so cheap in London; but yet I pitied that poor unaccustomed manager. If committees of deluded provincial playgoers were formed to trounce local puffsters, not forgetting the newspaper proprietors who are responsible for them; a fine of half a crown for assault, to be reduced to a shilling in cases of permanent disablement, would distinctly raise the tone of the provincial press.

Thus we have the unqualified actor criticized by a still less qualified critic, so that he misses the beneficent agony of having his shortcomings pointed out to him; and the public, ever diffident of its own judgment in artistic matters, left to believe that the theatre is the silly place the actors and critics make it. The only effective critic the actor has is his manager, who is generally either as ignorant as himself, or else, being also an actor, his professional rival. His best chance is to get into the hands of a manager of the old-fashioned Bateman-Daly type, who trains his company without competing personally with them, or of a capable author-actor-manager, like Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, fonder of his plays than of himself, is conspicuous among our theatre chiefs for making the most of his company.

When William Morris founded the Kelmscott Press, and recovered for the world the lost art of making beautiful books, he had to make his printers do exactly the opposite of what they had been taught to regard as

the perfection of tasty workmanship: in fact, a pressman whom he had broken in to his ways once remarked cheerfully that if he had "to go back to high art printing," he would be quite out of practice at first. But at least Morris had not to teach his printers composition and press-work: they were all skilled hands to begin with. Had they not been so, the Kelmscott Press could never have done what it did. He had no difficulty in finding men who could set type any way he wanted them to set it; and a manager could only rival the revolutionary rapidity of his results by finding actors who could play at least the routine of their parts in any way he wanted them played. As it is, he must choose between people who have no skill at all, and our London circle of performers whose mannerisms have become public institutions, and who must have plays adapted to them instead of adapting themselves to the plays.

On the whole, I think I am safer off the stage than on it. An actor of the same standing in the theatres as I have in journalism would drop dead with indignation if he were offered my salary; but my engagements are long, and the better I write the better my editor is pleased. It is true that dramatists do not write their plays with a view to showing me off to the best advantage by writing only what fits my style of criticism, and that I must know my business all through and take it as the public demand it—Shakespeare and Ibsen one week, musical farce the next, light and heavy, "character" and classical, instead of picking out what is "in my line." But then, if I may not pick out my work, neither must I wait to be picked out for it. Above all, my brain gets exercised; and that is perhaps what really turns the scale between the two departments of vagabondage—for your even Christian looks askance on both actor and journalist.

As I break off these arid reflections to mark the decline of the sun, and consider my distance from my roof-tree, it occurs to me that if we had summer theatres here in the country, at which fine performances of serious works could be given at least every Saturday and Sunday, beginning in the afternoon, Bayreuth fashion, how much better worth while the occupation of both the critic and the actor would be! And with that Utopian vision, and the consoling comment that, so far, my Utopian visions are the only ones that have ever been carried out (because nobody will ever take any real trouble about common-sense projects), I turn to my iron steed, and speed over the hills and far away, dinnerward.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE long-dreaded war has come at last; but, so far from the general "slump" in stocks and shares which some wiseacres anticipated, the news has had very little effect on the European markets. Probably that passion of the Turks for appearing at the last moment to be desperately energetic and extraordinarily prompt which leads them to issue long-delayed State documents in the middle of the night, or at times when people who are ordinarily busy are taking a holiday, may have had its share in bringing on the actual declaration of war during Easter. However this may be, it is tolerably certain that the four-and-twenty hours thus afforded to stockdealers and their clients for thinking matters over helped not a little to avert anything approaching a panic, and when Tuesday morning came the fond expectations of the "bears" of Wall Street were speedily disappointed. Another reason why there has been so little fall, even in foreign stocks, is that the effect of the war had already been discounted to a large extent during the protracted *pourparlers* of the past three months. Even Turkish and Greek bonds have not depreciated very seriously since last week; but, if their present prices be compared with those which obtained, say, at the beginning of February, a fall appears of about 30 per cent. in all Greek loans, and of about 20 per cent. in those Turkish loans which are not specially secured.

Consols are once more at 112, and the rate of discount in the open market is, if anything, rather easier than it was last week. Home Railway stocks recovered their

tone almost before Tuesday was out, and under the influence of excellent traffic returns the market has resumed much of the buoyancy which distinguished it a fortnight ago. American Railway stocks, following the lead of Wall Street, suffered more severely, and have also been more slow to recover the lost ground. The cause of this lies, no doubt, chiefly in their highly speculative character as investments and in their unpopularity with the public, for it is not easy to see how even a European war would have a prejudicial effect on American Railway receipts, and it might, on the other hand, supply a stimulus to American trade.

The Bank of England Return shows a slight increase in the reserve of bullion, which is a little under thirty-four millions sterling. The rumour that a large quantity of gold was about to be exported from the United States to this country arose, presumably, from the sudden rise in the New York Exchange to a point at which gold could be exported at a profit. This may be good ground for believing that gold will be exported, although that event has not yet actually happened; but it is no reason for supposing that it will come to London, and we imagine that it would be more likely to be sent to those States which have recently been such energetic buyers.

The Mining Market has quite recovered from Tuesday's temporary depression, and the South African section was, no doubt, favourably affected by the conciliatory speech of Mr. Rhodes on his arrival at Cape Town. Among the better-class African mines, we think Ferreira's should have a foremost place. The record of the mine is so far exceptionally satisfactory. With a capital of £90,000 the Company has been able to pay in dividends 86½ per cent. Up to the end of 1896, 380,000 tons of ore were crushed, yielding 424,000 oz., and showing an average profit per month of about £28,000. It is estimated that with a mill of 80 stamps, crushing, say, 10,000 tons per month, there is fully fifteen years' life left in the mine; from which it would appear that its prospects are no less remarkable than its achievements.

The Robinson Gold Mine is another of the most prosperous of Kaffir mines. Notwithstanding its large capital of £2,750,000 we find an average profit at the rate of £420,000 per annum is being made. So far, the Company has paid dividends amounting to 65 per cent. of the capital, and has obtained 1,100,000 oz. from 761,000 tons of ore crushed. 120 stamps are at work, and at the present rate of production the life of the mine is estimated at about seventeen years.

The monthly return of the West Australian Chamber of Mines, recently sent us, discloses some interesting particulars of the progress of mining in that district. From the returns of forty mines we gather that 14,063½ tons of ore have been crushed, the gold recovered being 31,502 oz., or an average yield of 2 oz. 2½ dwts. per ton. Among the more important, Hannan's Brown Hill crushed 186 and 411 tons, yielding 8 oz. 16½ dwts. and 6 oz. 19½ dwts. respectively; Great Boulder crushed 1,869 tons, yielding about 3 oz. 4½ dwts. per ton; and Lake View Consols crushed 1,634 tons, yielding 2 oz. 5½ dwts. The gold industry in the past has in Western Australia suffered from flagrantly bad management and the flotation of innumerable fraudulent concerns, but we see no reason now why good undertakings should not receive more active and influential support than hitherto. Members of the Stock Exchange have not yet come to regard West Australian mines very seriously, but with honest and efficient management the best of them may before long prove powerful rivals to South Africans.

Indian mines, too, have been recently returning satisfactory crushings, Mysore and Champion Reefs being in an especially favourable position. The Nundydroog Mine is making rapid progress. Productive reefs have been discovered at levels of 230, 300, 370, 440, 1,080 and 1,160 ft. In some parts the reef is stated to be fully 20 ft. wide, and it is anticipated that the shares will show a substantial advance in price very shortly.

The upward tendency of Coromandels for some weeks is also noteworthy.

If the present tendency in Home Rails continues much longer, "inflated" will have to be the adjective when talking of their price. There is of course plenty of reason for the steady advance of Railway stock in the market. At the time of the great revision of rates a few years back it was confidently anticipated that the railways would be very hard hit, and so prices dropped heavily. Afterwards it was found that the railway companies had practically triumphed all along the line. Then, shortly after the revision, came a spell of bad trade to accentuate the slump; but from that, too, the companies have now recovered. But probably the chief reason for the present high prices is that the public, which has learned hard lessons in the Kaffir Circus and is becoming deadly afraid of the host of cycle companies, is now returning timorously to its old love. And the din of battle outside is not likely to make it venture forth just yet. At the same time it needs to be pointed out that many of the present prices are scarcely justifiable. Take the Hull and Barnsley for instance. They were a short time back at 32; they are now over 53, and "still growing." Yet there is no good reason for the advance. It is rather the other way; for the North-Eastern has got them hopelessly locked up. Investors should soon begin to look round for less expensive securities than Home Railways.

At the present price London & North-Western Deferred stock yields the investor over 5½ per cent. It was issued by the Stock Conversion and Investment Trust Company at 39. At the time of issue the Ordinary stock stood at 185, and it has since risen to 200, whereas the Deferred stock has depreciated until it now stands at about 32. Furthermore, the dividend on the Deferred at time of issue was 1¼ per cent.; in 1890, 1¼; in 1891, 1¼; in 1892, 1¼; in 1893, 1¼; in 1894 (strike), nil; in 1895, ¾; and in 1896, 1¼ per cent. As the dividend on the Ordinary stock for the year ending 31 December, 1896, was ½ per cent. higher than in 1895, a further ¼ per cent. on the Deferred stock seems assured; and should the traffic receipts show an increase of £160,000 the Company will be enabled to pay a further ½ per cent. for the current half year on the Ordinary stock, making in all 6¼ per cent. The rate for the year would on the basis of such an increase be raised to 7¾ per cent., which, less Preferential charge of 5¾ per cent., would leave 1¾ per cent. to be distributed among the holders of Deferred stock. It is a curious anomaly that, while other Home Railway stocks with no better interest or security are quoted at much higher prices, "Brum Deferred" should be almost stationary at 32½.

The conviction seems to be growing that the motives by which Japan was chiefly actuated in changing her monetary system were Vanity and Loans. Other great nations are on a gold standard, so she would be on a gold standard, though it may be doubted whether she will not really halt on an *étalon boiteux*. Then she wants to borrow in Europe. It is well known that the last war loan she tried to raise at home was not subscribed. Yet she is applying great sums to the expansion of her navy and army—especially the former; and Western financiers will, she thinks, lend more readily if she asks in gold. It is unlikely that she will be a large seller of silver, or that any considerable inlet for silver will be closed. Most of the yen she has been coining lately have been for use in the Straits Settlements; and if they now gravitate back to Japan their place will be taken by the British dollar. Altogether, Japan has exported as much silver as she has imported during the last twenty years—the figures being, roundly, \$171,000,000 each way. She has no great store, and what she has may be usefully employed in replacing the paper which does duty as subsidiary currency—and which is probably underestimated at \$200,000,000.

We hear China is also anxious to establish a gold standard, and a memorial has, it is reported, been presented to the Emperor to that end. Exchange remittances, it is argued, mean, under the present system of currency, extensive losses, and traders are at present completely

at the mercy of foreign banks in all their financial transactions. Arms and ships must be bought at a sacrifice, and it is recommended that the country should come into line with others with a gold standard. If so, it will become increasingly difficult for gold standard communities to retain a really adequate gold reserve.

The last new scheme in China is an Imperial Bank. The nominal capital is to be Tls. 5,000,000; say, about £750,000. The head office is to be in Shanghai, with branches at the chief Treaty Ports and Peking. The name in China is to be "Imperial Chinese Bank of International Commerce"; but in Europe and America, where it is proposed also to open branch offices, it will be called "Imperial Bank of China." It will have the privilege of collecting and remitting taxes, issuing notes and coining money—an entirely new experiment in that direction being, it is said, in contemplation; for, although the unit of account in China is the *tael*, there is really no such coin. Sheng Hsüan-huai, who is to be the Managing Director, proposes to make one; but it seems to be thought that the effect will be to cause complications with the dollar, which—so far as there is a silver currency—is the current coin. The project of an Imperial Bank has been talked of among foreigners for some time, and has been discussed by them with Li-Hung-Chang. The difficulty has been to reconcile foreign ideas of accuracy and security with Chinese law. Sheng is trying to work out the plan on Chinese lines; but he has the shrewdness to know that he must rely on a foreign staff. To a European it might have seemed that the great iron works at Hanyang, which he has lately bought from the Viceroy Chang Chi-tung, and the Director-Generalship of Railways, would have been occupation enough; but a Chinese mandarin is *de toute disponibilité*, and happier in proportion to the number of (golden) balls he has to keep up.

The exports from the United States for February are given at \$20,298,097 or an increase of 18 per cent. on February of last year, and 66 per cent. on February 1895. This increase is chiefly due to manufactures, the proportion for February 1895 being 22.59 per cent., as compared with 26.05 per cent. for the corresponding period of this year. At the present rate of increase, the total exports of manufactured goods for the full fiscal year ending 30 June next should be about \$261,000,000, which compares with \$228,489,893 for 1896, and \$183,593,743 for 1895. A very decided activity is evinced in nearly all branches of trade, and British manufacturers would do well to "stir their stumps," in the classic diction of Madame Sans-Gêne.

The position of Uruguay appears to be going from bad to worse. Notwithstanding the nervous assurances of the authorities, the insurrection is further from suppression than ever. It is stated that the Blancos are rapidly gaining fresh recruits, and although the Government forces are numerically superior, better generalship is shown by the insurgents. The latest advices, however, indicate that the united forces of two chiefs have been dispersed and are being closely pursued, and, further, that the rebels are without ammunition. It is to be hoped that this is more in accord with the facts than most of the previous despatches. In any case, it is safe to say that the leading industries of the country will be paralysed for some long time to come, and investors would do well to leave Uruguay bonds alone. That the Government proposes to raise a loan of 2,000,000 pesos gold to enable it to subdue the rebellion is not an unexpected item of news; but it is none the less unpalatable to the present bondholders. The loan is to be guaranteed by the tobacco duties.

The dovescotes of German finance are giving evidence of having been seriously disturbed by the news that the Swiss Federal Council has definitely decided to purchase the five railways of the Republic at a price about £3,100,000 below the Bourse value. The authorities state that the dividends have not been really earned, and that the roads have been starved for the purposes of these dividends. Much ill feeling has been created among German investors, who are the largest holders,

and we seriously doubt whether the Council will succeed in completing the purchase at the present figures.

Consul Gardiner, of Amoy (China), sends some interesting suggestions to British traders as to the development of trade in that district. He recommends the exportation of metal pails and tubs to replace the wooden articles at present in use. They are to have no handles, but bars through which the Chinese could place a knotted rope to serve as handle. He further states that, with careful advertising, there is a great field for chemical manure. British manufactured drugs (with price plainly marked on the bottle, leaving a good margin of profit for the retailer) would also sell well, for the natives like medicine! Needles, suitably packed with attractive wrappings and trademarks, should command a ready market, at present catered for mainly by German makers. An excellent report, and we would recommend those interested to procure a copy.

Last year one of our Consuls on the East African coast told us that English cotton goods were being rapidly driven out of that market. For the lower grades Dutch stuffs had for the most part been substituted, stuffs which were more attractive and cheap than those formerly imported from Glasgow; and for the better qualities American articles had been substituted, which were of a uniformly high standard and always reliable, whereas a little acquaintance showed English goods to be largely compounded of "size" and other villainous adulterants. During recent months, American shipments of cottons to China have increased at a marvellous rate, and one wonders if the explanation is to be found in the fact that the Celestials generally appreciate the steady virtues of American articles. Though Chinese takings of English cottons keep up fairly well, it cannot be pretended that we have made much headway since 1890, seeing that in that year our exports amounted to 570½ million yards as compared with less than 543 million yards last year. In 1896 American shipments to China were nearly doubled. This year, on the basis of the figures for the first three months, they promise to increase at a still more rapid pace. It seems to us that if Americans can contrive to increase their business with the Celestial Empire, we should be able to do the same, or at any rate to hold our own. We would point out for the benefit of English manufacturers and shippers that the Chinese is a hard driver of bargains, and that when he finds a "chop" that is reliable, he purchases again of that "chop." In fact, he refuses to be taken in twice.

It seems tolerably certain that the Dingley Tariff Act will not pass the Senate without material modification of some of its schedules. Party discipline, which was dog-like in its fidelity in the Lower House, cannot be exacted in the Upper one, because of the great pecuniary interests that are involved. Mr. Dingley must have anticipated something of this sort, and therefore he will be prepared with a compromise on the points at issue when the measure comes back. But we doubt if he anticipated the chorus of denunciation which, in America, is growing louder and louder every day. Possibly he may not care a rush for this, provided he makes terms with the Senate; but he may see occasion for regret four years hence. It may be assumed that the retroactive clause will not be approved. It would, however, be well if the Senate awakened to a sense of its boasted dignity, as well as of its duty to the nation, and by some clearly expressed repudiation of this undignified and shameless bid for party advantage relieved trade and international tension. The Senate Finance Committee having declared its intention to reduce substantially some of the rates of duty, the chief effect of the retroactive clause, if it were possible to put it into practice, would be not to save the United States the revenue which would otherwise be lost, but mainly to transfer it from the credit of the Wilson Bill to that of the new measure.

Among the things of minor importance which they seem to order better in France than we do here is the rearing of poultry for market. The British farmer, as we know, has matters of greater urgency to attend to,

and if he tolerates poultry at all, it is generally in order that they may afford pocket money for his womenfolk, who have to look after the creatures. He does not, or will not take the trouble to, understand this business. Hence we are going more and more to the foreigners for our supplies. The value of the eggs which we import annually exceeds £4,000,000, and is increasing. The value of the poultry and game, dead and alive, which we import exceeds £600,000, and is also increasing. Of the latter sum, about one-third goes to France, and of the former sum, more than one-fourth. This anomaly furnishes our Consul at Cherbourg with the subject of a lecture which he addresses to the English farmer on his folly. Incidentally, he gives some details of the way in which this industry is carried on in Normandy. We commend the subject to the attention of County Council lecturers. Our farmers in out-of-the-way places do certainly labour under a disadvantage in the shape of heavy charges for railway carriage; but this disability is not sufficient to account for the fact that the French can succeed in this business of poultry keeping while we cannot.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

A. J. WHITE, LIMITED.

Mother Seigel is in the market at last, and that huge section of the British public which places its faith in nostrums can now have the satisfaction of participating also in the large profits derived from their sale. Whether Mrs. Allen and Dr. Williams intend to follow the old lady's lead and convert themselves into public companies we do not know; but, if they do, we doubt whether shares in the business of restoring the world's hair or of producing the miraculously effective pink pills will find so large a circle of old friends as the "Soothing Syrup," which we imagine must have been more extensively advertised than even "Bovril" itself. We learn with no sort of surprise from the prospectus that the net profits of the last four years have averaged upwards of £89,000 a year; and the capital, which is fixed at one million sterling, does not therefore seem at all excessive. Half of this sum is in the shape of Six per Cent. Preference shares and the remainder in Ordinary shares, so that, after paying the preferential dividend (£30,000), there will, on the basis of the present business, remain nearly 12 per cent. per annum for distribution among the Ordinary shares. This computation, of course, leaves out of account the increase of profit that may be expected from the additional £40,000 of working capital which will now be brought into the business. The vendors show their confidence in the undertaking by accepting in part payment of the purchase money (£960,000) the maximum amount of shares (both Preference and Ordinary) that the rules of the Stock Exchange will allow, and they agree to pay all costs and charges of every kind incidental to the formation and registration of the Company, and up to the first allotment. We are not prone to recommend commercial investments too warmly, but this seems to us to be a concern as to which there can be no reasonable doubt of a good dividend with adequate security, and we think our readers will be fortunate if they are able to obtain shares in it. For our own part, we should greatly prefer the shares to the syrup.

EDMUNDSON'S ELECTRICITY CORPORATION, LIMITED.

The capital of this Company consists of 35,500 Ordinary shares of £5 each, and 4,500 Deferred shares of £5 each, the former being entitled to a cumulative dividend of 6 per cent., and the latter to a non-cumulative dividend at the same rate; and all profits over 6 per cent. are to be divisible *pro rata* between all the shares. The vendors are "Edmundsons, Limited," which was formed in 1888 with a capital of £61,000, and the object of the formation of a new Company is to obtain additional working capital for extending the business of electric lighting at Folkestone, Winchester, Salisbury, and Ventnor. The purchase price is fixed at £75,000, of which £9,000 is payable in cash, £43,500 in Ordinary shares, and £22,500 in Deferred shares; and 20,000 Ordinary shares are now offered for subscription, leaving 6,800 Ordinary shares for future issue. The

concern comes before the public under respectable auspices, but we are unable to recommend the shares as a sufficiently remunerative investment. It is stated that the vendor Company has regularly paid a 6 per cent. dividend on its capital of £61,000. Let us assume that this will continue, and let us assume further that the additional £91,000 of working capital now to be introduced will also yield a 6 per cent. dividend. The vendor Company will receive, first, £9,000 in cash, and secondly the shares above mentioned, and it is clear that the latter will include a two-fifths interest in the proceeds of the additional working capital. Consequently, on the basis of assumptions which can scarcely be said to err on the side of safety, the new shareholders will receive three-fifths of 6 per cent. on £61,000, plus three-fifths of 6 per cent. on £91,000, or in round numbers £5,470 a year, which will pay them less than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the £100,000 they are to invest. This is not, in our opinion, a sufficient return on Ordinary shares in a commercial enterprise.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

SAILOR, CHESTER.—The purchase would be highly speculative. The prospects are said to be good, but the expense of working is appalling. Read Report of Meeting, held 15th inst., before buying.

J. T. W., NICE.—Converted into Limited Company in 1889. Have a branch at Bordeaux.

PREFERRED, KENDAL.—The market in these shares is very restricted. We do not advise a purchase at present.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROBABLE RESULT OF AN ANGLO-BOER WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 20 April, 1897.

SIR,—Since the days of 1879-1880, it has been the lot of loyal Englishmen residing in South Africa to hear constantly allusions to the fact that England has been whipped by the Boers. Only Englishmen settled in the country realize to the full the sting of this taunt, which the Boers never allow them to forget, and they also feel how difficult it is to make attempts at conciliation under such conditions. It is, therefore, of vast importance that in the unhappy event of another war breaking out in the South African Republic a repetition of our former experiences should be guarded against. Speaking generally, the effect of the victories gained by the Boers over English-speaking people has served in no small degree to confirm their opinion of themselves as a fighting power, while their better equipment enables them to contemplate calmly any hostile advances made from the English side. Such expressions as that 10,000 men sent against them would serve for a mild breakfast are not uncommon, while that 20,000 men would make a decent lunch, and leave them hungry for dinner, is the usual humorous way in which they look upon the possibilities of England venturing again to send an undermanned and perhaps inefficiently led expedition against them. This Boer opinion deserves notice when the fact is considered that they can place 25,000 well-equipped, serviceable men in the field, organized as only Boers can organize for guerilla warfare. Add to this number a possible extra 5,000 to 10,000 likely to flock to the Boer standard from outside at the first outbreak of war. Then recollect that the English are the attacking party in a country that offers every advantage for the enemies' peculiar style of long-range fighting, and it becomes apparent that the English would require three men to every fighting Boer to ensure a successful issue to a war.—Yours truly, AUREL SCHULZ

AN AUTHOR'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST THE "WEEKLY SUN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THREE GABLES, GROVE PARK, KENT.

SIR,—It seems to me that the following facts should be made known in the interest of all authors who are concerned in the question of copyright.

On 28 March a poem from one of my books was printed in the "Weekly Sun." No acknowledgment of its source was appended, and the name affixed was E. Nesbitt (the name, I believe, of another author). I wrote to the editor pointing out these facts, and asking for a cheque to the amount of my usual fee for the use of a poem. I received in reply a letter stating that it was an advantage to an author to have his poems "taken" by the "Weekly Sun," and that the editor "preferred to regard the advantage as mutual." To this I replied that the question of advantage need not be considered, as no acknowledgment of the source of the poem had been made, and the name was misspelled; and again I asked for a cheque. The reply from the "Weekly Sun" regretted Mr. Charles Watney's inability to endorse this suggestion. Then I wrote, remarking that as yet I had claimed no damages, and named a date on which I should, unless I received a cheque, place the matter in the hands of my solicitor. By return of post came the cheque, together with the following interesting letter:—

"The 'Weekly Sun,' Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C., 9 April, 1897.

"Madam,—As I have no wish to protract this unpleasantness, I enclose the cheque for £2 2s. At the same time I take leave to reaffirm my view of the position, and, to avoid any recurrence of any incident of the kind, have given instructions that no future reference, either direct or indirect, shall be made to you or your works in the numerous publications with which I am concerned.—Yours truly, Chas. Watney."

Comment is superfluous.—I am, Sir, yours obediently, E. NESBITT.

MRS. MAYBRICK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

RAVENS COURT PARK, W., 10 April, 1897.

SIR,—In your issue of this date "A Barrister," who never saw Mrs. Maybrick or any of her relatives, calls attention to her case, and at the close of his letter he mentions the fact that the Home Secretary promised to try to "elucidate" this "very difficult case." But as Sir Matthew White Ridley appears to have failed in elucidating anything and to have given up all intention of carrying out his promise, your correspondent very naturally asks the important question, "What influence induced him to abandon his self-imposed task?" Lord Salisbury furnishes the answer to this question. In the "Dublin Daily Express" of 13 March last his Lordship is reported to have said, "There is a general impression that if you take any one of education and set him down as an arbiter, he will decide impartially between two litigants. He will certainly not do so if the matter is one of great public controversy in which men have taken angry sides. Impartiality is a great intellectual achievement. We are very proud of the impartiality of our judges, and we are right to be so. They are impartial because they are trained."

... They do everything in the full blaze of publicity." This, then, appears to be the true explanation why the Home Secretary abandoned the task he had undertaken. It is no secret (or shall I say it is an open secret?) that Mrs. Maybrick's case has been a matter "of great public controversy, in which men have taken angry sides." It is well known that incontrovertible reasons for the release of the prisoner have been sent to the Home Secretary, but he does not venture to grapple with them; he simply remarks that he cannot see his way to grant release. It has been said that there would be a better chance for release if the advocates for justice being done would only keep quiet and be silent respecting her for two or three years; yet Lord Salisbury is reported in the paper above quoted to have said, "In the day in which we live the class which does not complain is the class that will go to the wall." Again, he is reported to have said, "If you are suffering injustice . . . the remedy is in your own hands by taking care that that injustice is not committed in a corner." Does Sir Matthew Ridley agree with the views above quoted? Does he approve of public criticism and comment as a check on the partiality

shown by some people who should act impartially in the cause of justice?

The Lord Chancellor approves of public criticism, from which even he does not escape, but which he welcomes "as the very salt of the administration of the law." Unfortunately we have not a proper Court of Criminal Appeal or we should have less cause for complaint. I hope, however, that Sir Matthew Ridley will long before the month of June next give the benefit of the doubt (and especially where that doubt has largely increased) to those prisoners whose cases, in the opinion of able legal authorities, call for revision, and that he will not permit any prisoner to suffer in consequence of the agitation caused by the advocates of justice.—Truly yours,
HEATHCOTE HARDINGE.

MILITARY TITLES FOR ARMY MEDICAL OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON.

SIR,—Your issue of the 17th inst. contains a letter under the above title, with the crisp signature of "An Army Surgeon of Thirty Years' Service."

The syntax of that gentleman is as curiously involved as his logic is decrepit; but after carefully reading his communication three times I think I can glean as follows:

I. That because the officers of the Royal Engineers have combatant titles pure and simple, *argal* army doctors should also have such titles. But the officers of the Royal Engineers are most essentially combatant officers, and exercise, according to seniority, general command over all branches of the Service, and it would consequently be absurd to deny them combatant titles. Lord Napier of Magdala was an officer of the Royal Engineers (Bengal); and, after holding many high commands, both in peace and war, he rose to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India. Would my medical friend contend that a similar career should be open to army surgeons?

II. I perceive that this correspondent carefully blinks my deadly *reductio ad absurdum*, to the effect that if army doctors are to be colonels and generals, army chaplains should have similar titles, and that navy doctors should be commodores and admirals. *This* seems to be a nettle which he will not grasp.

III. In my previous letter I raised no objection to the qualified military titles now conceded to army doctors. I merely condemned the desire of those gentlemen to suppress the word "surgeon" now, and most properly, attached to each such title. Yet I perceive that this correspondent points with a species of triumph to the case of his brethren in the army of the United States, where, as he admits, that word, so offensive to the British military surgeon, is affixed to each such title.

IV. As the hart panteth for the water brooks, so does your correspondent seem to pant for the bestowal on his class of the title of "Royal Medical Corps." Let them have it. But as to the suppression of the word "surgeon" in their individual titles, I say, never! Whether as a prefix or a suffix that terrible noun must remain. Why are the doctors so ashamed of it?—Yours truly,
BOMBA.

A NEW COLUMBUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 20 April, 1897.

SIR,—There appeared in a recent issue of the "Daily Chronicle" a review, signed by Mr. Joseph Pennell, of Mr. Gleeson's White's "English Illustration: 'The Sixties,'" which hardly seems to have attracted the attention it deserves. It is characteristic of the man and his work. For instance, in the following sentence Mr. Pennell's idea of a literary style is revealed: "There is no doubt, as he [Mr. White] says, that the book could not be called a *catalogue raisonné*. It is true there is no English equivalent for this term, though the English substitute *with descriptions of*, does express the same thing." What Mr. Pennell means by calling "with descriptions of" the English substitute of *catalogue raisonné* I confess passes my limited comprehension. But Mr. Pennell is a superior

person, not to be led away by the temptation of being merely grammatical and accurate. How can one be angry with him? Is he not the very incarnation of modesty? This is how he proceeds in his review: "He [Mr. White] seems to have come mostly to the same conclusions as I have." But Mr. Pennell's sensitive delicacy of feeling will not allow him to be even so far self-assertive: he hastens to add "these [conclusions], after all, being but the consensus of artistic opinion of this wonderful period and phase of British art." "I [Mr. Pennell] never made any pretensions to have discovered or invented the artists, or scarcely even to have resurrected their books." Is not this deprecation of applause truly touching? What a beautiful neologism, too, is that verb "to resurrect"—I was glad to meet with it again later on in the article. I will only inflict on your readers two more examples of Mr. Pennell's almost superhuman modesty. "If anything I [Mr. Pennell] have said or written has increased the prices of these drawings and books almost a hundredfold, this was not my intention." "It has never been my desire to be called, though really I am afraid I am, the Columbus of English illustration." I have heard say that Mr. Massingham, the editor of the "Daily Chronicle," thinks Mr. Pennell's modesty is only equalled by his good taste and intelligence. I quite believe it.
Yours &c., B.

"A SINGULAR PRAYER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LYME REGIS.

SIR,—In your "Review," 6 March, page 235, you quote the singular prayer, "That the spark of grace might be watered with the dew of blessing from on high." Is this at all queerer than

"Quantâ laboras in *Charybdi*,
Digne puer meliore *flammâ*?"

Though perhaps Horace meant that, had there been a better lighthouse or lighted buoy to warn vessels off the whirlpool, his friend would not have thus floundered therein.—Yours,
X.

THE DESTRUCTION OF RARE BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

75 Clovelly Mansions, W.C., 15 April.

SIR,—The attention of the public has often been called to this matter, but with little result so far. The destruction of the rarer, and therefore more valuable, birds goes on apace. A "specimen" of the hoopoe—a lovely creature—it is recorded, has recently fallen a victim to the "murderous aim" of the collector. It was shot by the Rev. R. T. Gardner, at Garstang, Lancashire, on 29 September, 1896. When a clergyman shoots down rare birds, one can scarcely wonder that other people who do not profess to be religious do the same. More recent examples are furnished in the case of the kingfisher. Several birds of this species have within the past few weeks been shot in different parts of the country: two have been shot in the county of Durham, one in Surrey, one in Northumberland, and one in Yorkshire. Of course, the injury thus done is slight compared with the wanton slaughter of this exquisite bird which is everywhere unceasingly waged against it in these islands. The kingfisher is the emerald of our bird life: that is why so many people are so proud of their achievement when they succeed in taking one by shooting it. But is it not deplorable to think of the near extinction of the beautiful creature in this country? There must be a remedy for this state of things. In pointing out that the Wild Birds Protection Acts of 1880 and 1896 should be made general in terms, I beg to make the following suggestions:—

(1) All protection which mentions particular species of birds is unsatisfactory, because some valuable species are sure to be omitted, and no protection is given to casual visitors. (2) All birds, without exception, are of some use in the economy of nature, and their destruction will probably result in a loss to the community. (3) If all birds cannot be protected, the right principle is to enumerate just those species which are to be outside the pale of protection, not those which are to be within it.—I am, yours faithfully, JOSEPH COLLINSON.

REVIEWS.

DON QUIXOTE.

"The History of Don Quixote of the Mancha." Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes by Thomas Shelton (1612-1620). With Introductions by James Fitzmaurice Kelly. 4 vols. London: David Nutt. 1896.

WHO would be without "Don Quixote"? What man of letters, traveller, sailor, soldier, and, above all, reformer, could afford never to have known the writings of "el manco sano, el famoso todo, escritor alegre, y finalmente regocijo de las Musas," as the "estudiante pardal" styles Cervantes in the noble preface to "Persiles y Sigismunda"? Have not both Knight and writer consoled us in adversity, been to us as tobacco in hunger, quenched our thirst, both of body and soul; and do we not read the incomparable adventures in childhood amid peals of laughter, and when in after life the laughter moderates, after the fashion which experience brings, come to venerate that which, in youth, provoked our merriment, in the same way in which we come to laugh at much we venerated? And Sancho, as human as his master, knowing him half insane and still respecting him, what literary county councillor bold enough to place his sanitary slab of well-cemented modern criticism upon the Squire, or bid him lie closer to his master to make room for any other character in the wide field of literature? Do they not show his birthplace in La Mancha, speak of him as a friend, talk of his ass, and bitterly resent any insinuation that his body was but astral?

Though in his lifetime people, it is said, pointed out Dante as the man who had been in Hell, yet in no country except Spain have any of the characters of any writer taken a like place to that held by Don Quixote and by Sancho. Except perhaps the "Pilgrim's Progress," hardly a work has been so much translated. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly enumerates some four-and-twenty languages in which the Knight and Squire are read to-day, ranging from Finnish up to Persian. It is matter of self-congratulation for Englishmen that our literature should possess not only the first translation, but perhaps in Shelton's work the best attempt to present the Spanish masterpiece to foreign readers in any European language. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly in his admirable and scholarly, if slightly Gongoresque, introduction styles Shelton "Lord of the golden Elizabethan speech, accomplished artificer in style," and says "his work is literature, sane and strong and beautiful." High but not undeserved praise from one so qualified to speak as is the writer. All this is true, and certainly the "golden Elizabethan speech" gives Shelton an advantage over all competitors. They may be more exact, render more clearly nice points of quaint Castilian speech, explain allusions, tell what Cervantes thought of, but did not say, more explicitly; but Shelton still is first in general comprehension of what Cervantes wrote. Still Shelton is no servile translator, bound in the hat and hosen of literal accuracy. Like the Elizabethan navigator when he found a difficulty, he attacked it sword in hand, not diving into dictionaries for exact renderings, but making English words fit Spanish almost by force, and when in difficulty boldly coining for himself, as when he manufactures out of the Spanish word "estuches" (cases) a suppositious word "estoises," which does just as well as if it had received the approbation of an academy.

"Hace orejas de mercader" he renders "he hath the tradesman's ears," which may have been an Elizabethan equivalent for the Spanish phrase which dictionaries generally explain as "to turn a deaf ear," "to disregard." Occasionally he catches the spirit of the Spanish with great felicity—for example, "went on increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea" yields not a whit to the original, "Iba creciendo en hermosura como la espuma de la mar," for both are admirable. "No vale dos maravedís para reina" is just as forcibly turned into English "is not worth a Dodkin for a Queen," even though "dodkin" is not a word one would expect to encounter in a work by Mr. Pater. Sometimes, however, Shelton's translations are not so apt, as when for

"Caballero de la triste figura" he gives us "Knight of the ill-favoured countenance." "Triste" cannot be strained to mean "ill-favoured," and one misses the familiar Georgian "Knight of the rueful countenance," which, moreover, more exactly gives the meaning of the Spanish. In rendering unto Shelton what is Shelton's, it should not be forgotten that the language which he used, although majestic, flowing, and well suited to express the Castilian used by Cervantes, is not the language in which we think to-day. Therefore it may be that in some respects we lose in it that which we find in a more modern, and perhaps more laboured version of the original. We do not read "Don Quixote" as we read the Bible, in an attitude of faith, but, on the contrary, wish to make out more or less exactly what the author wished us to understand. Such a proceeding in relation to the Scriptures would, if I understand the matter, be unorthodox, and hence the difference between a book written in Elizabethan English, which we look at merely as a work of art, and one to which we give unreasoning belief.

To understand so national a work as is "Don Quixote," it is necessary not only to know Spanish but to comprehend Spain and the Spaniards, a country and a people differing from all the rest of Europe. And, therefore, it may be that, as the England in which Shelton lived differs so widely from the England of to-day, an additional barrier to comprehension is interposed between the modern reader and Cervantes by the allusions to English customs and use of old English words for customs which have disappeared. All this in no way militates against the artistic value of the translation as a whole, and it is wonderful how Shelton maintains an atmosphere of Spain throughout his work. Some things, of course, had ordinary meanings to him which to-day a reader can only grasp by the medium of a dictionary. For instance, the description of Rocinante, "who had as many corners as a Spanish rial," must have been commonplace to Shelton, who, no doubt, had had the pockets of his trunk-hose worn into holes by many of those many-angled coins. Even in Spain for the last thirty years the many-cornered money, cut for the most part in San Luis Potosi, and which gave rise to the saying "Tiene mas cantos que un real," has been withdrawn from circulation. Again in other things, modern communications between nations enable us to translate without difficulty "Quitatoes," which he most carefully explains in an elaborate marginal note as "a sorte of canopie . . . to keepe offe the sunne." It is difficult to conjecture how Sancho would have looked had he followed his master's advice before entering upon his governorship, and let "his apparrell be a pained hose and long stockings, a long skirted jacket and a cloake of the longest; but long hose by no means, for they became neither gentlemen nor governor." At all events, we see that Don Quixote did not wish Sancho to appear like "your Kerne of Ireland" in his "straight trossers," and perhaps the advice was judicious.

It would be easy in the four portly volumes to pick out many words and phrases which Shelton translates *à la diable*, or even misses translating when he thinks they are not required. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly has a long list of them in his twofold introduction; but at the end of the list he does full homage to Shelton's power, brilliancy, sonority, and splendour. For those who look for an accurate word-by-word translation, with footnotes to obscure the text; with wealth of marginal allusions to other authors who have written of unkindred subjects, and all the pomp and glorious display of arid scholarship, Shelton is not the man. But for all those who want to wander through La Mancha scrub and upland, smell the gum-cistus as they read, hear the cicalas' metallic chink, have scent of thyme and sweet germander in their nostrils, enter as far as possible into the feelings of a "Castellano rancio," smile at the peasant philosopher's shrewd quips, and feel Cervantes bit by bit show his own character in the thin Knight's, and grow to love his own creation, only one man has translated that which Cervantes wrote so as to make it live in English. Chiefly, perhaps, because his turn of mind was like that of the Spaniard whom he translated. Cervantes seldom rises to any height, and when he tries to soar is apt to be didactic. The Spanish mind, like that of all the Latin

racers, is keenly alive to the ridiculous, and the power of Cervantes is in his knowledge of mankind, his humour, and, above all, in his humanity.

In like manner, Shelton himself has humour, knows the world, and now and then is not averse to show his knowledge. Both writer and translator had a pedestrian muse, and if it was the case that in all Spain no poet was as bad as Cervantes (as, at least, Lope de Vega says), certainly in Shelton he found a translator incapable of any flattery. In one respect the two men differed, and it was only a difference of humour—that is, humour taken in the Elizabethan sense. Cervantes was no “culterano”—that is, follower of the so-called “Culto” style of Gongora. Shelton, on the other hand, could “parley euphuism” with the best courtier who ever waited in “faire Cinthia’s” presence chamber. Sometimes he turns the plain Castilian into the monstrous language of Philautus; but we may pardon him, for in his time conceits were thought “the signs of a good wit and the only virtue peculiar to a courtier.” Above all, Shelton was well endowed with that true English pride which makes us style ourselves to-day an “imperious” race. In Chapter lviii. of Volume IV., when commenting upon the badness of the verses sung by Altisidora, which verses, as he well says, “were made on purpose to be absurd,” he adds a note upon the line “from London to England,” to explain “that the authorities fell into the common absurdity that I have known many of his countrymen do, which is that England is in London.” Such an assumption no true patriot could endure. Patriot and humourist, and understanding Spanish (the Court language of the day), Shelton was well equipped for his self-chosen task.

Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly’s introductions to the first and second parts form an important addition to English “Quixotic” literature. True it is that he has adopted the style rather of Gongora than of Cervantes, but this is an age of “Culteranismo” (euphuism), and, after all, it is better to have a distinctive style than none at all, after the fashion of most contemporary English writers. Therefore, if it pleases Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly it pleases me, and I am glad to say “Viva el Culteranismo y anda morena.” What he has done well is to unite the best of Spanish criticism upon “Don Quixote,” so that the English reader may arrive at what is thought in Spain of the best known Spanish masterpiece. But he has done more than that, for in his just appreciations of not only “Don Quixote” but of the other writings of Cervantes, he has enabled those to whom Castilian is unknown to see that Cervantes was not a one-book man. The adventures of Rinconete y Cortadillo and the whimsies of *El Coloquio de los Perros* have travelled the world over as the most finished expressions of the picturesque genius. With them journey “*El Casamiento Engañoso*” and “*La Tia Fingida*,” says Mr. Kelly. But in another matter I take leave to disagree with him. “In our own day ‘*El Licenciado Vidriero*,’ a marvel of ingenious fantasy, has had the notable distinction of translation at the hands of that accomplished Spanish scholar, M. Foulché Dubois.” “A marvel of ingenious fantasy,” and then “distinction” by translation at the hands of a mere scholar. Not so; one page of “fantasy,” especially when “ingenious,” confers distinction on any mere scholar, however notable, who translates or meddles with it, no matter how accomplished. Fantasy is as far beyond mere scholarship as Cervantes was beyond Avellaneda. As to who the latter was, or if we owe the spurious second part to Aliaga, Lope de Vega, or another, Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly argues most ingeniously, and heaps convincing facts against the assumption that Lope de Vega could have written the work which bears the name of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda. Spanish opinion, especially that of Don Cayetano Rossell, seems to incline to the belief that to the king’s confessor Aliaga the credit of the spurious second part is due. Others, again, credit it to the Dominican, Fray Juan Blanco de Paz, who had known and quarrelled with Cervantes when a prisoner in Algiers. Be the true author who he may, Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly is judicious when he says the effort is “far from contemptible.” Indeed the style is good, and though the invention and the humour lag immeasurably

behind Cervantes, still certain of the stories, as, for instance, the extremely fine episode of “*Los Felices Amantes*,” redeem the author from vulgarity and commonplace. In the elucidation of the difficult passages in “*Don Quixote*” (which are almost innumerable) Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly shows to great advantage; his thorough knowledge of the Spanish language and the literature of the period standing him in good stead, and easily enabling him to scent the pitfalls into which so many writers on the subject have fallen and found themselves impaled upon the hidden stakes concealed by the leaves and grass of harmless-looking words like the “*Mocosa*,” which he cites as an example. He has performed a piece of work which few besides himself could have performed in England. His summing up of the entire romance deserves to be quoted in its entirety, to show what really the publication of “*Don Quixote*” did achieve in relation to works such as “*Amadis de Gaula*” and the like. “But as a picture of life and manners unalterably replenished with humour, fancy, and contrivance, ‘*Don Quixote*’ remains immortal. A visible landmark, it stands at the parting of the ways. In some sort the last representative of mediæval romance, it ushers in the new dynasty, being itself the earliest and most illustrious of modern masterpieces. Like the prophet Aaron, Cervantes stood between the dead and living and the plague was stayed.”

R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM.

THE OUTGOING TURK.

“The Outgoing Turk.” By H. C. Thomson. London: Heinemann. 1897.

THIS is an account of a journey through Bosnia and Herzegovina which the author made in the summer of last year. Mr. Thomson did not content himself with visits to the principal towns or limit his wanderings by the facilities that the railroads offered. It was rather the outlying districts that he sought, for the journey was made with an object, no less indeed than an estimate of the value of Austrian administration. So he took carriages and post-carts and made his way through some eight hundred miles of little-known country, scraping acquaintance with the peasantry, inquiring and observing; and he has recorded his discoveries with singular and engaging acuteness. It is clear Mr. Thomson foresaw the imminence of a crisis that would force on the problem that for twenty years Europe has kept dormant. The “rotteness” of Turkey, its inevitable dissolution, the struggle impending in Macedonia and Crete for a final delivery from the death-clutch of the Porte—these are his texts. He has a theory of his own as to our duty when the crisis should come, and with a fine eye for rhetorical effect, he points the moral of the curse that Turkey brings upon its subject races by exhibiting to us the peace and calm and blessed change that Austria has worked in the provinces she has taken in hand. Whether we accept Mr. Thomson’s conclusions or not, there can be no question about the power with which he urges them. The Bosnia of to-day is contrasted with accounts the Consuls sent home twenty years ago, and all through the magnitude of Austria’s achievement is made manifest.

Mr. Thomson is never abstruse, never uninteresting, never what the Germans so charmingly dub “long-whilish.” He gets to his points with refreshing directness, and observations that seem to be trivial at the first glance are found to be vital at the second. There are lessons too in it that hit us nearer home than the Epirus. The solution of the land question which the Austrian Government has adopted, the abolition of all arrears beyond one year’s rent, the security of tenant right, the provisions for establishing a peasant proprietary, these are bold and simple pieces of statesmanship, justified as much by their necessity as their success. The judicial institutions are shown us in their workings, and we have an account of educational reforms; tentative, perhaps, at first, but very firmly established now. The contentment of the peasantry, the good feeling that apparently replaces race hatreds, the mitigation of religious animosities—Mr. Thomson shows how completely these are a

measure of Baron Appel's success. In commenting on these governmental problems Mr. Thomson frequently illumines his argument by references to our own methods in India, and his work gains immensely in lucidity and suggestiveness by the process.

We have said Mr. Thomson has a theory of his own as to England's course. It reminds one of the "forty-niner's" prayer before tackling the grizzly. "Oh Gawd, if you won't help me, don't help the bar." We may not have reason to fight against the Turk; but in the name of decency, says our author, don't let us fight for him. He shows us what his rule means, and the boon of emancipation from it. He gives us the dilemma—help the Turk, and perpetuate this nameless horror; stop helping him, and let these other subjects share in the blessings that Bosnia and Herzegovina enjoy. The devious course of England's policy is set out graphically in the last chapters of the book. It will be news to many that it was the English Consul-General at Serajevo, who, in his own words, was "urging the Vali to take steps at once, if possible, to sweep these bands of brigands out of Bosnia," in 1876—"brigands" being a euphemism for insurgents against Turkish rule. In 1862 the British Government interfered to prevent the Serbs getting arms from Birmingham; in short, the country of freedom has so completely identified itself with the most corrupt and cruel of autocratic governments, that Mr. Curzon's boast last autumn—that the British fleet had rendered invaluable assistance (to the Sultan) by nipping insurrection in the bud at every port where our ships lay—passed almost unnoticed. It is against this pro-Turkish policy that our author declaims. He has put his argument into a new form, backs it with fresh evidence, and puts it to the reader with a force that is all the greater from the studious impartiality of the advocate. The crisis has come a little sooner than Mr. Thomson seems to have anticipated: the more immediate therefore the value of his book.

PRINTERS' MYSTERIES.

"Moxon's Mechanick Exercises." Edited with Preface and Notes by Theo. L. De Vinne. London: Quaritch. 1896.

TO this day, a visitor to a printing-office may chance to hear, proceeding from the machine-room, a vague noise of whistling and yelling, and will be told, in answer to his anxious inquiry, that it is only some young fellow "out of his time." He will recognize a faint echo of the elaborate ceremony of the "Depositio," once so solemnly enacted in every printing-house in Christendom, and his curiosity may, perhaps, be awakened to know more of the singular customs of journeyman printers. In 1835 a man named George Brimmer, who described himself as "Imposer, Corrector, Locker-up, Layer-up, and Distributor of Types at some of the principal offices of the Metropolis," published a rough poem, which is a perfect compendium of oddities of the trade. Since "The Composing Room" was published only sixty years have elapsed, and yet numerous practices which Brimmer described as still in force in that day are now wholly obsolete and forgotten. For the strange formulas of dismissal the curious reader may turn to Blades's technical volume, the "Depositio Cornuti Typographici," but the real *fons et origo* of odd lore about the mysteries of printing is acknowledged to be the "Mechanick Exercises" issued by Joseph Moxon in 1683.

Moxon's book—of which a very handsome reprint, in two volumes, edited by the most eminent of American authorities on typography, Mr. Theodore De Vinne, lies before us—is not merely the earliest, but the most complete, of the few existing early manuals of the art of printing. For almost a century it remained the only authority on the subject, and has continued to be the basis of successive treatises, not merely of an antiquarian but of a technical kind. It is said that only five copies of the original edition are now to be met with, three of these being in American collections; and it has never until now been reproduced in its entirety, with facsimiles of its numerous plates and diagrams. Hence, although the theme is of

esoteric interest, the production of this very handsome and costly reprint seems proper to be recorded here. Moxon, who was born in 1627, was a famous maker of mathematical instruments in the reign of Charles II., and was gradually led to the manufacture of types; in 1669 he issued a folio sheet of "the several sorts of Letters cast by Joseph Moxon," he being then Hydrographer to the King and a man of some position. In 1677 he began to publish, in monthly parts, his famous "Mechanick Exercises," in which he discussed the trades of the smith, the joiner, the carpenter and the turner, not reaching that of type-founding until 1683. After this Moxon disappeared, and we believe that the date of his death is not recorded.

We cannot enter into the technical part of this great book, which demands the attention of a specialist, but we propose to describe some of the singular habits of the printing-office, as Moxon pictured them two hundred years ago. It must not be forgotten that the place where a printer carried on his business in the seventeenth century was a very rude one. It was generally a sort of loft in the upper floor of a small house, and it possessed neither fireplace nor glass windows. The cold in winter is complained of as intense, a sharp frost often destroying the work half-done in the office. Light came through small windows near the ceiling, over which oiled paper was drawn, in order to temper the light and keep out the rain. Mr. De Vinne remarks that the printing-houses of the seventeenth century were very rough and bare, and so small that an office which contained four hand-presses and a dozen frames was considered spacious. We hardly consider sufficiently the disregard and positive suspicion in which the necessary, but often far from harmless, printer was held, even in days long subsequent to the nominal delivery of the Press from its bondage.

We wonder how many of our readers are aware of the word "chapel" as it is used, so curiously, in the printing trade. To Moxon all the mysteries of the printing-house are "ancient customs of the chapel," and without an explanation of this term the jargon of the old typographers is unintelligible. It is customary, we believe, to trace this word, which was used as synonymous with printing-office, back to the time of Caxton, who was supposed to have set up his types in a chapel attached to Westminster Abbey. But Mr. De Vinne rejects this as mere modern guesswork, and it is certain that Moxon, who is the fountain-head of our positive information, gives no hint of such a derivation. He simply says, "I suppose the style was originally conferred upon it by the courtesy of some great Churchman . . . who, for the Books of Divinity that proceeded from a Printing-house, gave it the Reverend Title of Chapel." This does not strike us as conclusive, but the matter may be allowed to rest. But, at all events, once call the printing-house a chapel, and it is plain that a particular sanctity was attached to it, a sanctity that was hemmed about by a code of the most elaborate regulations. No one must swear in the chapel, nor fight there, nor give the lie, nor be drunk, nor leave a candle burning at night. For each of these offences a fine, or, as it was called, a *solace*, was appointed by the ancient rule of the chapel, against which no man could appeal. A person who proved refractory and would not pay what was called "the price of the chapel," could be physically punished, or, as it was called, "solaced," though the practice, as Moxon describes it, can hardly be considered consoling. The culprit—one can imagine a stiff-backed nonjuror absolutely refusing to play the game like his fellows—was "laid on his Belly athwart the Correcting-stone" (which thereby received for its name a horrid, secondary appropriateness), and was presented with "ten pounds and a purse," this apparently liberal donation consisting of eleven blows administered with anything handy. If the remonstrant were one with whom it seemed desirable to wipe out a long score, one can imagine that the blows were laid on with a will. In fact, in the reign of Charles I. a wretch is said to have died under the chastisement.

Some of the mysteries of the chapel are hard for us to comprehend. A deadly insult which the waggish printers were for ever designing for one another was the putting of a wisp of hay into a pressman's racks. This

affront could hardly be wiped out with blood, and was the subject of minute regulations. There were certain special acts of impertinence which roused printers to violent fury. It was as much as your life was worth to come and ask a compositor "whether he had news of such a Galley at Sea." This is obscure; one sees a little more clearly why it was extremely rude "to come to the King's Printing-House and ask for a Ballad." Mischievous persons used to put country bumpkins up to making these inquiries, hanging about the while that they might enjoy the result. Once every year it was customary for all the journeymen to set to and make new paper windows, the master printer being bound, on the day they did this, but not before, to provide the whole chapel with a *wayagoose*, or general festivity. Until this waygoose had been given, the journeymen would not work by candlelight, and therefore, for general convenience, the new paper windows were usually put in about Bartholomew's day.

There were odd fines or special payments, the tariff for which was scrupulously uniform in all printing-houses. If a journeyman married, he paid half-a-crown to the chapel, and his wife gave sixpence on the day when she first made her appearance with his dinner. For each son born to them the father paid a shilling; but daughters were half-price. The cant name for the compositors was *galley-slaves*, because they were bound to their galleys, and the pressmen were called *horses*, "because of the hard labour they go through all day long." Every new workman had to pay half-a-crown for his footing in the chapel, and this was called his *benvenue*. No custom was more rigid than this, and it was believed, as indeed is not unlikely, that it proceeded from the very earliest days of English printing. In Moxon's time the rule was so severe that no journeyman was considered to be a member of the chapel or to be able to enjoy any of its privileges until he had paid his *benvenue*. By the time Thomas Gent entered the printing-office which he describes in his "Autobiography" the term had become corrupted to *ben-money* (1714). It does not seem to be known when this custom went out of use; but it is now quite unfamiliar, we believe, to journeymen compositors. Like the rest of the quaint practices so gravely recorded by Joseph Moxon, it has succumbed to the levelling hand which has reduced all trades to one plane of utilitarian uniformity of custom.

ARMY REFORM.

"Military Organization: an Attempt to Remedy the Defects of the present Linked Battalion System." By Field-Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. London: Edward Stanford. 1897.

SIR LINTORN SIMMONS wrote his pamphlet before the reorganization which is intended to remedy the evils he would deal with was announced to the world. There is no immediate probability, therefore, of his views being accepted, although they well merit the attention of Ministers. We need not follow the Field-Marshal in his purview of our military system. Our battalions at home are not fit as they stand for any form of active service, and few will venture to deny it. Our system is immensely costly to boot, and we pay exorbitantly for what we are not satisfied with. Every one is with Sir Lintorn so far. And one part of our system which hampers officers more than any other is that recruits do not join the colours, as they do in Germany, at fixed times of the year; or rather they do not so except in the Guards, and the Guards constitute by far the most efficient part of our infantry. Now the Guards have one large dépôt for their seven battalions. At it recruits are kept for five or six months instead of as many weeks which the line recruit spends at his. If we cannot have the German system, surely it will benefit our service battalions to receive men who have mastered the elements at any rate of their profession ere they join? A battalion might then work as a whole, in place of being crippled by the periodical influx of small batches of utterly untaught men, whose tuition upsets all arrangements, and crushes the zeal out of both commissioned and non-commissioned officers. But not only is our

existing system an unsatisfactory one, but it is most expensive, and costs a great deal more than does that obtaining in the Guards. It is when he deals with this aspect of the case that Sir Lintorn will be most convincing in the eyes of our War Minister. While in the Guards it costs only £2 11s. 9d. per recruit to supply the service battalions, the price is £6 3s. 2d. per head in the line. Sir Lintorn works out his little sum most carefully and accurately, and there is no gainsaying his figures. If his plan were adopted, the country would save £81,003 per annum in pay alone, while, if other items of cost were taken into calculation, the saving would amount to £150,000. He has solid cash as well as reason on his side, therefore, when he suggests twelve central dépôts in place of a number of small ones scattered all over the country. The territorial bubble would be pricked no doubt; but when it is admitted that less than a dozen Cameron Highlanders (?) are recruited annually at the regimental dépôt, and when choice cockney is the most common accent in many a Welsh and Irish corps, it is surely time to let the curtain fall on that dreary farce. Besides the recruits can be sorted and distributed with discrimination if necessary at the large dépôts. Sir Lintorn likewise would not permit the service of men less than twenty years of age to count towards the period of twelve years for which they take the shilling; but would not let their time begin to run until they had passed that age. In fact, the practicability of the scheme put forward depends on the possibility of so arranging that the whole of the men in what Sir Lintorn calls the "advanced battalions" shall not have less than seven years to serve with the colours at the date of their embarkation for service abroad. He has devised a means by which this end may be arrived at; but we will leave this and other similar details of his scheme to our readers to discover. It is now enough to say that the broad outlines of the suggestions put forward have much to recommend them, and that the Field-Marshal has established a *prima facie* case at any rate. We would remind him, however, that in the case of the Artillery large dépôts have not proved satisfactory, and that two years ago they were abolished in favour of a plan by which all the home batteries were made nurseries for those abroad. The change, on the other hand, cannot be said to have worked successfully either, and indeed is condemned by all officers doing regimental duty with our batteries. And it is moreover very possible that what did not suit the organization of our Artillery may prove quite as valuable to the Line as it has done to the Guards. Sir Lintorn's pamphlet deserves close attention, and should be pondered over by those responsible for the efficiency of our army.

TOLSTOI AND THE GOSPEL.

"The Gospel in Brief." By Leo Tolstoi. London: Walter Scott. 1896.

WHEN a man of Count Tolstoi's genius speaks to us we cannot choose but listen. If he were to discourse about a broomstick, to adopt that classic saying, one might safely prophesy that there would be something for us to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. When his subject is religion we are sure of more food for meditation, of more suggestive and inspiring thoughts, than we shall be able to exhaust in a day's quiet consideration. We are not talking in the vein of empty hero-worship, but in accordance with just common, practical experience. A great spirit touches nothing that it does not adorn and illuminate. This does not mean that the great man is always right, or convincing, or irresistible. We are not to be swept off our feet by an idle, indiscriminating reverence of his name, and made to dance like puppets to whatever tune he happens to call. We are his critics, he stands at the bar of our individual intelligence and conscience. We look Plato, indeed, and "high-browed Verulam" themselves full in the face, and take our account of them—for they, too, are mortal, and err. But their utterances for all that keep us awhile silent, attentive, meditative; for they have approved themselves seers and prophets, and there are few who venture to differ from the sages and the saints.

The most interesting and valuable part of the present volume seems to us undoubtedly the Author's Preface. Here we have Count Tolstoi in the simplest language imaginable laying bare to us the history of his religious life and his present views upon the religion of Christendom. "It is neither theology nor history," he tells us, "which has won me to Christianity"; and then the key to his whole position is given us in the following pregnant sentences:—"I consider Christianity to be neither a pure revelation nor a phase of history, but I consider it as the only doctrine which gives a meaning to life." Sentence indeed there is after sentence throughout this preface equally direct, and it is these simple straightforward utterances which give the thing its interest and weight. Count Tolstoi is the very incarnation of the anti-Catholic spirit; tradition and authority are nothing in the world to him. It may be said that here he is only at one with certain rude jesters of the old "Freethinker" type, the "Bible-smashers" of twenty years ago, whose coarseness and dogmatism seem strangely to have lost their attraction even in St. Luke's. But your common freethinker is as far removed from Count Tolstoi as your common Catholic, is infinitely further removed from him than those careful souls who are really striving to walk along the path of the saints. For Count Tolstoi is full of humility, and on fire at whatever cost to lead his life in accordance with the will of God, as he apprehends it. Take up this preface and read it. What strikes you is not the writer's search after brilliant criticism or profound statement, but his manly determination to arrive at a simple working solution of life, and his courage in standing by the solution, which he is confident that he has found. "Here," he seems to say to us, "are the four gospels. They are full of errors, their authoritative interpreters have made them for us still more full of errors; yet I find something in them, which I can find nowhere else, interpreting to me the meaning of the universe and of my own existence in it, and the truth of which I know as experimentally as I know there is a sun, because I see his light and feel his warmth. Such parts of these gospels as thus appeal to me I accept with all my soul, I cannot do otherwise than accept them—the rest is as it were non-existent."

We may say that this is pure arbitrariness, and that historical documents like the Bible, historical facts like the Christian Church, cannot be dealt with in reason, when a man will listen to nothing ultimately but his own sense of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong. Now in such a criticism there is at least this force, that it reminds us how very careful we must be in respect of this individual sense, in the training of it, and in the sincerity of our acquiescence in its monitions. It is the easiest way in the world out of difficulties to say I believe this or that because it commends itself to me, and this or that I disbelieve because it revolts me. But in a large majority of cases this professed conscientiousness means neither more nor less than that we are intent on doing what we like at the moment. We are in no degree studious and nice about our judgment and conscience, they are at the mercy of our transient inclination. The fact, however, remains, in spite of this, that in the gravest matters of life it is at last impossible to escape from our own individuality, and we have no business to try to escape from it. "Look within," said the Roman Emperor; "within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig." And this sane principle it is which lies at the bottom of Count Tolstoi's criticism and acceptance of Christianity, as it lies at the bottom of every man's, who is worth the name.

RECENT VERSE.

"Songs and Meditations." By Maurice Hewlett. Westminster: A. Constable & Co. 1896.
 "Fancy's Guerdon." By Anodos. London: Elkin Mathews. 1897.

NO one of a sensitive spirit can live in the companionship of the great masters without receiving virtue from them. Mr. Hewlett, it is evident, is a scholar in his art, he is interested in all technical devices and effects, he has learnt from many masters.

And this makes his verse nearly always pleasant reading. We feel that he is a good deal more than this: but though we have read this volume with continual expectation of finding a page where he should kindle the true flame at last, we cannot but confess that we have been disappointed. Mr. Hewlett's gift seems to be overweighted with all that it has assimilated: it is capable of producing any number of choicely phrased decorative poems; but it wants the saving sap of life. The ode that stands first in the book is typical of it: it is a "Hymn to Artemis," and the title alone rouses criticism. Poets write about that which is nearest to their hearts, the themes in which they have the most ardent interest. To indite, in these days, hymns to Artemis argues a singular remoteness of temper, if the writer really feels his subject; unless, indeed, he be one of those rare natures to whom, as to Keats, the old mythologies of the world are still pregnant with fresh life and meaning, to whom they are the most natural and fit symbols for expressing their ideas. This was not, it is true, the case with Matthew Arnold, who yet succeeded in touching classical themes with life: but this was by dwelling on their universal and perennial human interest. Mr. Hewlett is steeped in the classics, but he is too much and too apparently the scholar. As we have said, most of these poems might be called "decorative"; they seem written with an aim analogous to decorative painting. And this is a vital fault; for to write thus is to renounce all the distinctive capabilities of poetry. We must, however, except the "War Songs for the English," which, if rhetoric, are fine rhetoric. And we must add a word of praise for the loving and sometimes very happy descriptions of flowers, especially in the poem called "Divæ Genetricis Laudes."

Just that which is missing in "Songs and Meditations" seems to us unmistakably present in "Fancy's Guerdon." "Anodos," a name which internal evidence would lead one to conjecture veils a woman rather than a man, may not possess most ample equipment; of that it would be impossible to judge from the slender contents of this little volume; but certainly there is stuff of the true sort here. Several of the poems are ballads, in which the spirit of old models is caught far more successfully than in most modern work of this kind. But these are not, we think, the pieces which show the intimate characteristics of the writer. Strange and impressive is the "Day-Dream," truly like a dream in the bright exactness of its images, with its fine conclusion:—

"Now music is an echo in mine ear
 And common stillness but the lack of noise,
 For the true music I shall never hear,
 Nor the true silence, mother of all joys.
 They dwell apart on that enchanted ground,
 Where not a shadow falls and not a sound."

And finer still are some of the short lyrics which cry direct and poignant from the heart:—

"I ask of thee, love, nothing but relief.

Thou canst not bring the old days back again;

For I was happy then,

Not knowing heavenly joy, not knowing grief."

And in the verses entitled "Shadow" there is a glimpse of insight worthy of Blake into just such a truth as the author of the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" loved to dwell upon—the necessary stirring up of evil by the presence of perfection:—

"Child of my love, though thou be bright as day,
 Though all the sons of joy laugh and adore thee,
 Thou canst not throw thy shadow self away.
 Where thou dost come the earth is darker for thee,
 When thou dost pass, a flower that saw the sun
 Sees him no longer.
 The hosts of darkness are, thou radiant one,
 By thee made stronger."

JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

"Juvenile Offenders." By W. Douglas Morrison. Criminology Series. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

THIS, the third volume of the "Criminology Series," is likely to prove more attractive to English readers than either of its predecessors. Lombroso's "Female

"Offender" was rather technical, and Ferri's "Criminal Sociology" rather heavy reading. But the editor of the series has not only chosen an interesting subject; he has also brought to his task a rare combination of wide reading, practical experience, and sympathetic insight. The result is a work which cannot but arrest attention even where it fails to command assent.

The book may be said to be written round the thesis that in dealing with juvenile crime the only method which holds out any reasonable prospect of success is educational and not merely punitive. "The penal law," says Mr. Morrison, "with its formidable-looking instruments of retaliation and intimidation, does not so much as touch the permanent causes of crime." In the first part of his book the author investigates these "permanent causes" of juvenile crime. They consist in the adverse individual or social conditions of the young offender. These conditions he deals with in order, examining the effect of locality, age, sex, ill-health, parentage, and economic status on the juvenile criminal. The second part contains a detailed and searching criticism of our present methods of treatment. His conclusions may be thus summarized:—The juvenile offender is the abnormal product of abnormal circumstances. "Nearly all the people who are committed to prison are somewhat deteriorated either bodily or mentally before they come within the clutches of the law. Crime is usually the result of this condition of deterioration." "An inquiry into the individual and social circumstances of the criminal when he begins his career of crime reveals the fact that in nearly every instance these circumstances are of an abnormal character. As far as individual conditions are concerned, it is found that a considerable percentage of the juvenile criminal population are either physically or mentally below the average. As far as family life is concerned, it is found that the juvenile offender, as a rule, has no home, or else a bad one; has either no parents or else bad parents. Again, when his economic circumstances and opportunities are reviewed, it is seen that they are of an adverse and abnormal character." Hence, the argument proceeds, it is on educational and reformatory training we must rely to prevent the common and fatal development of the juvenile into the habitual criminal. "What all these children require, to whatever class they may belong, is moral, mental, physical, and industrial education. The supreme authority in charge of delinquent and dependent children should be the Education Department of the State. So long as they are looked at, as at present, through the eyes of the Criminal Department, or through the eyes of the Pauper Department, they will not receive the humane consideration to which their miseries entitle them, and society will be punished for refusing them this consideration by seeing an ominous percentage of them relapsing into a life of habitual criminality, and becoming a permanent danger to the community." And it may be added that this "ominous percentage" shows no sign of diminution under our present system, but rather of increase.

Mr. Morrison, it will be seen, belongs to the modern school of penologists who have abandoned the simple and robust theory that crime springs from nothing but "pure cussedness." He marshals his facts, however, and presents his arguments with studied moderation. He possesses also the rare merit of making statistics not only intelligible but interesting. Indeed, his dexterity sometimes almost wakens our suspicions, and we recall Canning's familiar saying, "There is nothing so fallacious as figures, except facts." Still we must admit that in most cases the more closely his exposition is analysed, the more satisfactory it appears. Occasionally, indeed, he generalizes from rather narrow premises. For instance, he discusses at some length why among young criminals girls are worse than boys. The fact may be so, but the only evidence he offers is that in the three years 1888-90, 79 per cent. of the boys liberated from Reformatory and 86 per cent. of those from Industrial schools are reported as doing well, while in the case of the girls the figures were only 76 and 83 respectively. Now three years is not a very long period, nor is 3 per cent. a great difference. Moreover, the figures are incomplete, for they do not tell how the remaining 15 to 20 per cent. are made

up. But, following his own method, and taking the years 1882-4, we obtain this result:—

REFORMATORIES				
—	Doing Well	Doubtful	Convicted	Unknown
Boys	77 p.c.	3	14	6
Girls	73 "	11	5	11
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS				
Boys	82.5 p.c.	3	4.5	10
Girls	83 "	8	1	8

In the Reformatory figures, though the boys appear to have the better average, it will be seen that their percentage of convictions was fourteen to five in the case of the girls, while the "doubtful" and "unknown" are nine as against twenty-two. The "doing well" figures, therefore, are, taken alone, quite inconclusive, and if the American plan were adopted and half the "doubtful" and "unknown" were reckoned as probably "doing well," the girls would have considerably the best of it. On the Industrial School figures they make the better show whatever method be followed.

Again, on the very difficult question of the connexion between poverty and crime, Mr. Morrison makes some sweeping statements for which he produces no evidence. He says (p. 284):—"Whenever a wave of industrial depression sweeps over a population, it is always followed by an increase in the number of offences against property." That certainly sounds reasonable and probable. But curiously enough, as Mr. Rylands has pointed out, the judicial statistics seem to point the other way. From 1870 to 1872 was a period of commercial depression, and in 1872 the offences against property amounted, roughly, to 80,000. In 1887, a prosperous year, these offences had risen to 88,000, while in 1884, the second of two very bad years, they had fallen to 81,000. The result is certainly puzzling, and we should like to have Mr. Morrison's explanation.

We have only two more words of criticism. We are sorry the author could not find space for a fuller account of the American reformatory schemes. The work even of Elmira is still little known or appreciated in this country. And—we know not who is to blame—it is nothing less than cruel to issue books of this character without an index. In spite, however, of this drawback, the book remains by far the best and most suggestive work on juvenile crime in our language. For the student of criminology as well as for the philanthropist it is absolutely indispensable.

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE.

"Richard Rolle of Hampole and his Followers."
Edited by C. Horstmann. Vol. II. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1896.

EDITING Middle-English manuscripts is one of the least tempting if it is among the more useful forms of literary activity. The great work of the Early English Text Society itself is only carried on by constantly recruiting young scholars willing to prove their ability and ready to devote a year or two's work to its service in return for the experience they acquire. Dr. Horstmann, however, is a man of experience ranking immediately after the acknowledged leaders of Early English scholarship, and it is therefore our duty to proffer him what thanks we may for his devotion to a task so thankless and unremunerative. Few of those who take up this valuable contribution to the body of our literature will be able to realize the immense labour it has cost: the painful copying, word by word, letter by letter, of so many different manuscripts; the comparison of the copy with the original; another, and yet again a third, comparison; with at the end the certainty that whatever care one may have exercised mistakes will still remain. Add to this the limited circle of those who buy or appreciate the work when it is produced, and we can form some idea of our debt to a man willing to undertake so much labour with such scant reward.

The present volume is the second of a series containing the works of Richard Rolle, a Yorkshire hermit who died in the Black Death. Little is known of his life; the few facts to be found about him have been brought together by Dr. Horstmann in his Introduction. However, what is really interesting to us in view of the character of his writings, his inner and spiritual life, can be fairly well traced out. The general reader will, however, be disposed to think that Dr. Horstmann attaches too much importance to his author. It seems as if the time spent on a subject induces in an editor a false sense of the relative importance of the author he is at work on. He sees the realm of England circled round some obscure Benedict Burgh or Gilbert Banester in his country parsonage or corner of some county magnate's hall; he hears in this one voice which chance has preserved, not an expression of the murmur of the crowd, but its motive power. It is surely a defect of vision to see in the writings of a poor solitary "vast attempts at prostrating tyrants and regenerating society." And it is something more than a want of the sense of proportion—it shows an absence of all historical feeling—to write, as Dr. Horstmann does, of Richard Rolle:—"And yet he has rendered greater service to his country and to the world at large than all the great names of his time. He rediscovered Love, the principle of Christ. He reinstalled the feeling, the spring of life which had been obliterated in the reign of scholasticism. He reopened the inner eye of man, teaching contemplation in solitude, an unworldly life in abnegation, in chastity and charity—an ideal not unlike Christ's and Buddha's. He broke the hard crust that had gathered round the heart of Christianity by formalism and exteriority, and restored the free flow of spiritual life. He fought against the absorption of religion by the interested classes, and reasserted the individual, individual right and conscience, against all tyranny, both secular and ecclesiastic. He broke the way for the Reformers, and was the predecessor of Wicliffe and Luther." Written of St. Francis this eulogy would have savoured of hyperbole: it is ludicrously out of place when applied to Richard Rolle.

Such parts of Dr. Horstmann's Introduction as are written in English at all would have benefited greatly from the supervision of a general editor with a watchful eye for the simplicities and amenities of German literary criticism. The necessity imposed upon German youth of producing a thesis on taking their degree is, we believe, more responsible than anything else for the habit of discussing the obvious which is so characteristic of all but the very best German work. Even Dr. Horstmann cannot refrain from remarking when Rolle compares himself to Cain—a wanderer upon earth—"It is surprising to find the Cainidea anticipated by R. R." Nor are other gems of lucid criticism wanting. "His (Rolle's) example may serve to explain the genesis of Christ," "The story of Christ's conception is a reflex of his (*sic*) system." We must add that happily notes of the kind of those on page xviii and elsewhere are unusual in English literary work. No one reading Dr. Horstmann would imagine that his theory as to the authorship of the "Pearl" had been fully and at once acknowledged by its editor. Nor was it wise to recall the attention of the learned public to the events which led to his resignation of the editorship of the "Vernon MS.," and its announcement under another editor by the E. E. T. S.

However highly we may think of Dr. Horstmann, we do not think highly of Dr. Horstmann's Introduction. But turning to the 458 closely printed pages of text we have little but praise for his work. Such parts of it as we have had opportunity to compare with the original are carefully printed and remarkably free from error. The editorial emendations are judicious and in almost every case necessary. We can only hope that he and his publishers will have sufficient encouragement to persevere in their enterprise, economizing it may be in the matter of introductions, and giving us more of such incidental matter as the delightful will printed by Dr. Horstmann on page 448, with, if not an index, at least a table of contents to help us through the maze of minor poems included in the book.

THE DEPRESSING IN FICTION.

"The Wise and the Wayward." By G. S. Street. London and New York: John Lane. 1897.

FOLLOWING the lead of many another recent novelist, Mr. Street has written a feebly depressing story about an unhappy marriage. The chief cause of depression is the hero, George Ashton, an enlightened, somewhat cantankerous and sentimental egoist of some culture. He makes a love match with Nelly, a girl who has been brought up in a worldly, not to say vulgar, society, and who needs a more human and less enlightened treatment from her husband than George Ashton has to offer—as Mr. Street, who shows throughout the most accommodating desire to ensure his readers' comprehension, informs us somewhere in so many words. Yes, the book leaves an impression of thinness and low spirits; and, again "Yes," the book is about an unhappy marriage. Alas! the doleful lack of vitality is a fault for which this poor whipping-block of a subject is likely to receive a sound thrashing, while the author escapes with an admonition to find some healthier and more vigorous theme for his pen next time. There is more than one critic who will have a bad quarter of an hour when first he finds himself within the gates of the nether world—not from the novelists he has maligned, but from the ill-used characters in their novels. It is not enough that the novelist should have drawn the poor creatures with scanty skill, the critic must needs add his quota of insult, and tell the novelist how grieved he is to see so much cleverness wasted on such sordid material. These doubly wronged gentry will surround the abashed critic as he enters, threatening him with thin voices. "Why did you say I was a poor subject?" "Why did you tell that fool X. not to waste his time over the likes of us, but choose something more interesting?" "Why did you sneer at the chronicle of my society as small beer?" "You come along with me, I'll teach you to libel a man you never knew!" "And there's Hamlet, a depressing and insufferable young man, if there ever was one, much worse than I, why didn't you go for him?" And it is to be feared that the peccant novelists, huddled together for safety at the far end of the cage, will cast but a cold, unrecognized eye on the newcomer who talked about their subject rather than their own interesting selves.

But if the critic is wrong in finding fault with the subject, how is it that so many thin and depressing stories have been written about unhappy marriages? If the lack of vitality is the fault of the author alone, how is it we do not sometimes feel this sort of depression when reading an adventure story? The reason is not far to seek. The psychological study of an estrangement between man and wife is apt to lead the novelist into bare explanations, and explanations only suffice to put the reader in possession of the author's general intention. Now an intention is always a poor thing by itself, poor as many of the themes originally jotted down in the musician's note-book. Only the actualities with which a novelist illustrates his intention have any vitality. The marriage story, then, is depressing because it is so often little more than an intention. If you have a general notion of the reason why a couple grow apart—because, let us suppose, he has the artistic temperament and she is prosaic—you can really fill quite a long book. But an intention will not write a page of an adventure story; there is no opportunity for explanation here; the fight with the pirates has got to be "done," and if it is not "done" you won't fill your page. Unfortunately you can write a marriage story without "doing" your psychology, because you can convey it by word of mouth direct to your reader. Of course psychology ought to be as much "done," as vivid, as particular, as action. Indeed the more psychology can be translated into, or illustrated by, action of some sort the better, according to Joubert's "The soul has no secret which conduct does not reveal." "The Wise and the Wayward" is low-spirited, not because the hero is a self-analysing egoist, but because he does not exist; he is only a part of a general intention. Nor, to take another character, does Lady Tremaine

exist. Mr. Street has indicated George Ashton and Lady Tremaine sufficiently to make us admit that two people of that sort probably would sentimentalize; but he has not gone to the heart of their sentimentalizing, he has not grasped its actuality. From his account we only get an impression that two people are sentimentalizing who would be better employed in some other manner; hence depression. It is possible, also, that "a girl, good, gay, clever, untempered by experience," might, if she appeared within his horizon, perform the function of a guiding star for the unhappily married George. But the Madeleine whom Mr. Street sets up on p. 152 to illustrate the girl thus prophesied on p. 78 exists considerably less than any other of his characters, which is saying a good deal. And their last meeting, which should be the most impressive thing in the book, is given four lines, and then left with "Who knows what this man and this woman, so placed, must have said to one another?" Since "this man" hardly exists, and "this woman" exists so little that she has no right even to the demonstrative adjective, and since the placing is by no means very clearly "so," we do not wonder that Mr. Street finds delicacy exceedingly opportune. The Madeleine incident not only permitted, it positively demanded, beautiful and tender treatment. It receives no treatment at all. Mr. Street writes, "Here was a man who had had a romance of the heart and the head. . . . He had capacity for romance. . . . He was intensely appreciative of beauty. . . . And he was man enough to feel," &c. "Here was a girl in the first flower of womanhood" who was this, that, and the other. "Isn't it very likely," he says, "that these two will fall in love? Well, that's exactly what they did, and there's an end of that." He is always addressing his readers with explanations of a similar nature. Of Nelly he writes, "You see what manner of wife she was, or might have been, one who needs convincing, one who is glad to be convinced. Suppose a definite, unerring line in a husband: there will be thunder and lightning, and afterwards peace. . . . Suppose reason, tolerance, disapproval ironically suggested, and occasional sharp speech, and you have . . . the night closing hopelessly. And yet reason is all our boast, &c." As he cannot illustrate this piece of theory fully and deeply enough, he gives it us whole, which is kind but not art. Again he writes, "Your simple and healthy natures . . . may fall out . . . but are quickly friends again. . . . But I am writing of a man to whom had come . . . with a body only tolerably sound, a spirit which was perverse. He had pondered and analysed and examined; he was fastidious. . . . That he was worthy of his wife I do not say. And yet he was honourable and generous, &c." Here is poverty and weariness enough to account for much depression. And again and again, when he should illustrate, he writes, "Nelly was becoming" something or other.

We would not be understood to mean that a novelist may not talk in the first person and philosophize if the fancy takes him. But such comments must be an addition to the drama; they cannot take the place of actualities. As it happens, the finest study of estrangement between husband and wife is the work of a man who by no means cared to keep himself out of his novels. And yet, setting aside altogether the intrinsic worth of his remarks to his reader, the most pedantic of purists cannot say that Jean Paul ever substitutes explanation or general psychology for actuality. Siebenkaes and his wife Lenette live before us as few characters in fiction, their difficulties grow upon us with such a wealth of beautiful detail as can hardly be paralleled, and when the author talks himself, it is but the generous overflow of a full stream. Indeed this most reflective and personal of novelists is so amorous of action and illustration, that the very preface to "Siebenkaes" does not escape being a scene that clings for ever to the imagination of the happy man who has read it. But it is enough for our present purpose to notice that the one novelist, who above all others was seduced by spring-time and youth and high spirits and everything that is obviously attractive, wrote, in the year 1795, his best and his most beautiful work on the subject of the unhappy marriage between a superior artist philosopher and an ultra-human, prosaic little

milliner. The subject is thereby consecrated; let no man raise a hasty voice against it. Mr. Street might have called his book "An Exegetical Commentary upon a Drama Chiefly Unwritten" or "An Intention and Some Insights"—for there are little insights and one or two excellent touches. And there is something to be said for his successful wise woman, who appears, and is in many respects, an excellent creature, except to the wayward wife whom she wrongs. Only even here—but enough. And no part of the book, it need hardly be added, is stupid. But stupider men than Mr. Street have written better fiction.

FICTION.

"Colour-Sergeant No. 1 Company." By Mrs. Leith-Adams. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1897.

NOW that "the ranks" are the refuge of many less destitute in money than in the peculiar quality of brain required for the passing of examinations, the gentleman-ranker is no longer quite the interestingly incongruous figure portrayed by Mrs. Leith-Adams. However, she writes of a day that is dead, and is justified in making the most of her aristocratic Colour-Sergeant's romantic possibilities. The account of the military flogging makes a striking opening. There is more than one dramatic scene—notably the Fenian midnight gathering, with its Dead March and carrying of empty coffins. On the whole, the book seems to us the best work the author has done.

"McLeod of the Camerons." By M. Hamilton. London: William Heinemann. 1897.

This is one of the most readable books we have come across for a long time. One sympathizes at every step with the heroine's troubles. Instead of arising from the foolish misunderstandings that tax one's patience in so many novels, they come from the very natural but trying fact that in her extreme youth she married an impossible man and did not find it out till later. Her struggles to make the best of him in Malta society; his amiability, familiar manner and excellent heart, combined with the habit of trimming his nails on every occasion; her drawings to her own class, checked by her loyalty to her husband—all make a slight and trivial but amusing sketch, till a tragic note is struck by the madness of Captain McLeod. This does not seem to have much *raison d'être* in the story; but being there, it is undoubtedly striking and interesting. The humour and attraction of the heroine are the great features of the book. We are sorry for her when she is left in her predicament; but it would undoubtedly have been commonplace to remove the superfluous husband, and if "McLeod of the Camerons" is no particularly ambitious work, it is certainly not commonplace.

"Tales of the Service at Home and Abroad." By Walter Wood. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1897.

Mr. Wood is coming fast to the front as a lively writer on military subjects. The fear is that his facility may betray him into superficiality and slovenly work. But these short stories are essentially superficial, so we take no exception to them on that score. They have evidently been inspired by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; but, though we have the counterpart of Mr. Mulvaney in Mr. Terris, who deserts in a balloon, and a shadowy presentation of Learoyd, the stalwart Yorkshireman, there is no servile imitation. Mr. Wood shows as much versatility as Kipling, with a pretty vein of humour. The stories range from the comic to the serious and on to the improbably melodramatic. For example, "the Shot of Honour" is fired by a thoroughbred soldier into the chest of a young *protégé*, in whom he took a paternal interest, when the youth in uncontrollable panic was threatening to turn tail before the regiment and the enemy's guns. "In the Koord Khyber" is one of those bloodcurdling romances of the truculent Pathans in their own rugged fastnesses with which Kipling has made us familiar, as is the grim tragedy of "What Came Back from the Hills," where a troop of cavalry had been sacrificed to a general's fad. "The Legend of Field Artillery" is the

marvellous tale of a demon gunner, an inspired lunatic who made the finest practice at the longest ranges, and finally, having taken the precaution of digging his grave, blew himself away from his favourite gun. By way of contrast and comedy, besides the aeronautic expedition of the sentimental Mr. Terris, we have the screaming farce of "In the Toils of a Deserter"—the deserter with his imperturbable readiness and "cheek" reminding us of the hero in "Cool as a Cucumber."

"A Marriage Mystery" (Digby, Long), by Fergus Hume, is meant to be a thrilling detective story; it would be hard to conceive one more feeble in every detail. "Anthony Jasper" (Fisher Unwin), by Ben Bolt, is well-meaning but almost childish in its style, and inferior to most of the Pseudonym Library. "Old Dorset" (Putnam), by Robert C. Rogers, gives some rather quaint little sketches of a New York countryside. "A Slight Indiscretion," by Mrs. Cartwright, and "A Comedy of Three," by Newton Sanders, are both in the series of Mr. Fisher Unwin's Little Novels and deserve reading. Hitherto his particular library has kept its little volumes up to a very fair standard. It is a pity that the print should be so discouraging and tiring to the eyes. But for this drawback they are the very thing to choose for an hour's railway journey.

"Nell and the Actor" (Skeffington), by Lilian Street, has for central figure a most unpleasant doctor. He looks into people's eyes "with the pain of a lost soul," and has dealings with an Adventuress. The author speedily wearies of both, and has the happy idea of one revolver which slays the two. Whereupon Nell marries the Actor, whom she might have married at any stage of the halting narrative.

"Essentially Human" (F. V. White & Co.), by Annie Thomas, has most of this author's faults of slipshod writing and wild exaggeration, and all her merits of liveliness and occasional whimsical wit. Most of the characters are more or less caricatures.

"Gentleman George" (Hurst & Blackett), by Mrs. Herbert Martin, makes no pretence to be more than a plain tale of a middle-aged man and a little boy. It is charming—pathetic without being sickly, in spite of the infant element.

"Angus Murray" (Swan Sonnenschein), by Helen Davis, is a book that few will read to the bitter end. Both style and dialogue are involved and incoherent. The principal characters are treated with some cleverness, and deserve a better setting.

"A Last Throw" (Digby Long), by Alice Diehl, tells a sensational story readably. "Sweet Irish Eyes" (Skeffington), by Edith Cuthell, is an innocent and rather pleasing little book. "A Matter of Temperament" (Adam & Charles Black), by Caroline Fothergill, gives an amusing sketch of a male flirt in the absence of his *fiancée*, to whom he flies with renewed ardour on her return, when "all is forgiven," except by his partner in the flirtation. It is a slight basis for 367 pages.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Cairo Fifty Years Ago." By Edward William Lane. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. London: John Murray.

EVERY winter the number of English people who find a refuge from the London fogs on the banks of the Nile increases, and among the crowd of pleasure-seekers there must be many who, without being either Egyptologists or archaeologists, are interested in the history and antiquities of Egypt. Residents in Cairo—whether permanent or temporary—will in particular feel themselves under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Lane-Poole for having printed, with the addition of some admirable notes of his own, the MS. account of old Cairo, now in the British Museum, written by Lane more than sixty years ago, as part of a general "Description of Egypt." It was some chapters of this general "Description" which Lane published in an extended form under the title of "The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," but there seems no doubt that the account of Cairo underwent revision at Lane's hands as late as 1847, so that Mr. Lane-Poole's title is strictly accurate. This little book contains an account of some of the older capitals of the Egyptian kingdom, of the founding of Cairo, and of its citadel, streets, quarters, mosques, and other buildings of interest as they were half a century ago, when the city still retained its distinctively Eastern character, and showed scarcely any

signs of that European invasion which now makes it a sort of meeting-place of the Eastern and Western worlds. As a guide to the Cairo that is fast disappearing, or being overwhelmed, this little volume is invaluable, while it also supplies what many readers must have felt to be a want in Lane's great work on "Modern Egyptians."

Of the many entertaining contributions which appeared in the "Pall Mall" from the various store of the resourceful Autolycus, few possessed such unflinching brightness as the conversational and autobiographical essays which Mrs. Dew-Smith has republished as the "Confidences of an Amateur Gardener" (Seeley). The author has tenderness, humour, and eyes to observe; Providence rewarded these qualities by bestowing upon her leisure and a garden. The result is charming. The reviewer, somewhat unaccustomed to a continuous course of entertainment, is apt to turn down such pages as please his fancy. We tired of this exercise after Mrs. Dew-Smith's third chapter.

Mr. L. H. Bailey has done well to publish a third and revised edition of his manual on the propagation of plants, "The Nursery-Book," in Macmillan's "Garden-Craft" series. Chapters on seedage, separation and division, layerage, cuttage, and graftage (a particularly full and interesting contribution), make up the first half of a little volume which is most aptly and carefully illustrated. The second half consists of an alphabetical nursery list, wherein the name of every plant is followed by a longer or shorter account of the manner in which it is best propagated.

"The Plant-Lore of Shakespeare," by Henry N. Ellacombe (Arnold), is a third edition of a very useful work. Here we find an account of all the plants (including the barnacle) mentioned in Shakespeare, and quotations of all the passages in which such mention is made. Some plants are doubtful, many have changed their names, many their reputation, and it is useful, as well as pretty, to have these difficulties cleared up for us as much as possible. Here and there in his notices Mr. Ellacombe makes a remark less severely scholarly than is quite agreeable in a book of this sort. And the same sort of objection could, with greater justice, be brought against the illustrations. The drawings of plants are very much to the point, indispensable indeed; but of the other illustrations, two only are of real value—namely, the woodcuts from the "Hortus Floridus" of 1614. The chief offence of the unnecessary in a book is not that it is unnecessary, but that it inevitably conspires to lessen the serious effect of the whole.

After an interval of twenty years, Mr. Malcolm Harper has revised and republished his "Rambles in Galloway" (Fisher Unwin). Churches, graveyards, houses, antiquities, family records, local traditions, glimpses of a larger history and the oft-recurring ballad, supply Mr. Harper with his material. A book of the same kind of interest—and strictly localized humanity always possesses a great fascination—is Mr. William Charles Maughan's "Annals of Garelochside" (Alexander Gardner), an historical and topographical account of the parishes of Row, Rosneath, and Cardross.

Mrs. R. M. King's "Italian Highways" (Bentley) belongs to a less worthy type of descriptive literature. It is closely allied to, indeed often indistinguishable from, the ordinary guide-book. She has seen Bologna, Naples, Rome, Florence, Ravenna, with the eyes of the usual traveller; these places have not roused the emotions of a nature different in any way from the ordinary. But she has "been there," she has walked under the colonnades, ascended to the crater, watched the evening fall in St. Peter's, looked at the portrait of Vittoria Colonna, driven from the watery St. Apollinare to the pine-forest. Those who have performed these feats once are willing to receive another's aid in performing them again without leaving their arm-chairs; and those who have not must use the eyes of others, and any eye is better than no eye. Thus the existence of a book which cannot be praised may yet be justified.

Mr. J. W. McCrindle has published a second edition of his valuable and scholarly "Invasion of India by Alexander the Great" (Archibald Constable). The bulk of the volume is taken up with translations from such portions of the works of Arrian, Q. Curtius, Diodoros, Plutarch and Justin as deal with Alexander's Indian campaigns; the preface to the second edition discusses the recent additions to the history of the subject supplied by Franz Schwarz, Major-General Haig, and Colonel Holdich in his lecture on Alexander's retreat; the introduction deals with the historians and the general life of Alexander; the appendices contain model notes and elucidations.

On the whole, the various essays by authoritative writers, collected by Mr. James Samuelson under the title of "The Civilization of Our Day" (Sampson Low), form a commendable volume. It is divided into four parts, the first dealing with land (a particularly good paper by Mr. W. E. Bear), food, mines, locomotion, posts and telegraphs; the second with social and economic questions; the third with education, the Press, libraries and exhibitions; the fourth with science and religion.

Mr. William Tebb and Colonel Edward Perry Vulliamy have brought together a large number of harrowing stories in their

volume on "Premature Burial" (Sonnenschein); but they have not produced a good book. The attempted classification is not businesslike; the book has not an authoritative and imposing air. We are afraid it would be quite possible for a man who was really rather scared while reading it to return, after the lapse of a month, to the obstinate opinion that premature burial is a myth, and that those who make much of such dangers are cranks. And yet many of the points to which they draw attention, the perfunctory fashion, for instance, in which death certificates can be made out, are worthy of earnest consideration.

To be a well-mannered man, one would think, comes by nature, but Mrs. Humphrey, better known as "Madge" of "Truth," thinks otherwise. In a little book, "Manners for Men" (London: James Bowden), she reveals all the mysteries of polite society to the aspirant for social distinction, and we do not doubt that to the young men of the Birkbeck and the Polytechnic her instructions will be of the utmost value. The book is one of those which the hero of "The Wheels of Chance" will probably study assiduously in the retirement to which Mr. Wells has consigned him. "There are thousands of young men in London alone at this very moment," says Mrs. Humphrey, "who are longing to acquire the ease and aplomb of good society." No doubt there are, just as there are millions of moths consumed by a fiery desire for a star; but whether reading Mrs. Humphrey's book will facilitate the realization of their aspirations is more doubtful. Good manners come by frequenting good society, and cannot be assumed ready made. The thousand and one little nuances of conduct which constitute them must be automatic; if they are not, they become merely fussy and pretentious. Nevertheless, Mrs. Humphrey has performed the task she has set herself as well as it can be done, and her remarks are always in most excellent taste, as well as astonishingly complete. There are very few precepts of the absolutely superfluous kind, such as abound in ordinary books on etiquette, though the individual who needs to be told to masticate with his mouth closed, not to scrape his knife against his plate at table, not to tread on the other passengers' feet in an omnibus, and not to push ladies away from the door of a railway carriage when there is a rush for the train, is scarcely one whose manners will ever make him a man, even if he could be got to read Mrs. Humphrey's book. Certainly the world would be a very much pleasanter place to live in if all men did read and practise her admirable precepts.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Abbé Constantin (Ludovic Halévy). Macqueen.
Ballyroan (Rupert Alexander). Digby, Long. 6s.
Canadian Magazine, The (April).
Captain of the Parish, The (John Quine). Heinemann. 6s.
Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. 2 vols. (Charles Lever). Downey.
Church Quarterly Review, The (April).
Confessions of a Collector, The (W. C. Hazlitt). Ward & Downey. 6s.
Daughters of Thespis (John Bickerdyke). Simpkin. 6s.
Dies Irae, The. Part I. (C. F. S. Warren). Skeffington. 5s.
English Illustrated Magazine (May).
Geometry, Practical, Plane, and Solid, A Treatise on (Evans and Pullen). Chapman & Hall. 9s.
Governments and Parties in Continental Europe. 2 vols. (A. I. Lowell). Longmans. 21s.
Horace, The Poems of (A. H. Bryce). Bell. 3s. 6d.
House of Dreams, The. Bowden. 3s. 6d.
In an Ancient Mirror (H. Flowerdew). Unwin. 2s. 6d.
Is Science Guilty (A. W. H. Forbes). Marshall.
Johannesburg, The Truth from (A. M. Mann). Hutchinson. 1s.
Les Amantes Célèbres (Emile Pierret). Perrin.
Love in Old Cloathes (H. C. Bunner). Downey. 5s.
Man of Straw, The (Edwin Pugh). Heinemann. 6s.
Meditazioni Vagabonde. (Gaetano Negri). Hoepli.
Mill, John Stuart, The Ethics of (Chas. Douglas). Blackwood. 6s.
Monist, The (April).
Municipal Year Book, The, 1897.
My Life in Christ (J. I. Sergieff). Cassell. 6s.
National Progress during the Queen's Reign (M. G. Mulhall). Routledge. 1s.
Nepenthe (Geo. Darley). Mathews. 2s. 6d.
North American Review, The (April).
Old Man's Marriage (G. B. Burgin). Richards. 6s.
Pall Mall Magazine, The (May).
Parkes, Sir Henry, The Life of (Chas. E. Lyne). Unwin. 16s.
Passing, A (Bessie Rayner Belloc). Ward & Downey. 6s.
Pot of Honey, A (Susan Christian). Unwin. 3s. 6d.
Rabelais, François, The Works of (5 vols.). Gibbings. 12s. 6d.
Review of Reviews, The (April).
Rogue's Conscience, A (David Christie Murray). Downey. 3s. 6d.
St. Paul, A Study of (S. Baring-Gould). Ishister. 10s. 6d.
Segni Dei Tempi. (Gaetano Negri). Hoepli.
Spenser's Faerie Queene. Part IX.
Symbolism, Chapters on (W. F. Shaw). Skeffington.
Tales of the Old Régime (Price Warung). Routledge.
Tea: Its Cultivation and Manufacture (David Crole). Crosby Lockwood.
Trumpets and Shawms (H. H. Hay). Arnold & Co.
Where to Find your Law (E. A. Jelf). Horace Cox.
Woman at Home, The (May).

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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